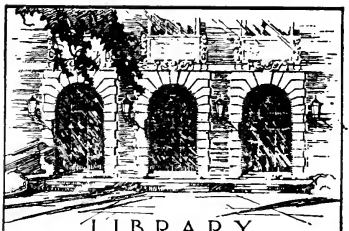

FORTITUDE AND FRAILTY;

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

INSCRIBED TO THE

REVERED MEMORY OF HER LAMENTED FATHER,

BY

FANNY HOLCROFT.

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FORTITUDE

AND

FRAILTY.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY are you so dissatisfied, Leoline? What young man's prospects in life are fairer than yours? Our family is good; your uncle is a baronet; your education has been excellent; you have already made yourself known at the bar; and were you less respectably protected, I cannot see why, with your talents, you might not look forward to the highest dignities."

"My uncle," replied Leoline, "has taken care to provide himself an heir, a son who is already a miracle, for he is even a greater booby than his father. As to legal dignities, I do not think they are attainable by me. I

am not always in a humour to profess my admiration of knaves, and heap flattery upon fools. 'Tis not that I think it any crime to make knavery its own dupe, or folly subservient to my pleasures; but I cannot sufficiently disguise my sentiments: the attempt to disguise them does but keep me silent, and silence leads occasionally to sullen contempt, in which I find myself apt enough to indulge. When roused from my lethargy, I cannot always prevent myself from breaking out into sarcastic sneers, and ironical panegyric, which I have too often the misfortune to make so intelligible that they cannot be misunderstood."

"I thought," answered his sister, "you had the good sense to make your general behaviour exactly the contrary; to wear a smile upon your countenance, and give a smooth complacency to your discourse?"

"So I do, theoretically, and should be very successful were it not for these fits of ill temper, which come upon me unawares; yet, naturally enough, for it is not till the pa-

tience of forbearance is exhausted. When the humour seizes me, I cannot resist, and sometimes it will not disappear till I have exposed knaves, made fools ridiculous, and thoroughly exasperated both; and, though I am conscious of the mischief I am doing myself, I cannot help feeling considerable pleasure in the task."

"I wonder, brother, to hear you talk."

"Well you may; I wonder at myself; nay, while I am doing it, I feel I rank myself among the fools whom I am deriding. But, beside this, I have another inveterate objection to the law."

"What do you mean, brother?"

"I am now in the prime of life, at least I am in that period of youth when pleasures are most delightful. Shall I shut myself up to pore over the jargon of the law, seek out precedents, encumber my mind with cases, and qualify myself to wrangle? Instead of exerting my faculties clearly to state the justice of the cause I have undertaken, must I hunt through folios for the possibility of

finding some other suit with which it has, perhaps, a very slight resemblance, that was tried in the reign of I know not what Henry, Edward, or William, and before I know not whom, except that, for legal knowledge, they never yet were equalled? for so, right or wrong, I must audaciously assert. Indeed, sister, I would much rather pursue the captivating pleasures of St. James's than pass the spring time of my life in the obnoxious state of a grub, though I should happen at last to flutter for a few days like a butterfly."

"Why did you not take proper care, brother, to be born the richest heir in the kingdom?"

"Very true, why did not I? That I shall be rich, however, I have no doubt; I am only afraid the arrival of riches will be too slow."

"Pray, Leoline, tell me by what means; since you seem to have renounced the law?"

"Not absolutely, I think, however, I have hit upon a more expeditious method."

" Pray, name it."

" Marriage. If I do not mistake, I can bring myself to submit to the whims and caprice of an heiress, if she be but rich enough; at least till I have made her my wife. I will not swear that I might not afterward think of a curb, or a check rein."

" Not, surely, for a woman of good sense, brother?"

" Oh no, if such a miracle could be found, and provided her notions of good sense and mine agreed."

" Leoline, I fear you will be a sad tyrant."

" Ah, that is the old story, every husband, who is really the master of his family, is so called. However, domestic disputes in fashionable life are easily settled, and I'll take care never to be a husband in any but fashionable life."

" And pray, brother, have you yet determined who shall be the happy bride?"

" You are excellent at irony, my kind sister."

" I can scarcely allow the question to be ironical, provided you have the least moderation in your hopes: your person and understanding are such as can scarcely fail to captivate any youthful female, if you be but fully determined to be as agreeable as you very frequently make yourself, especially to the ladies; though, I grant, it is almost always plainly to be seen you consider them but as a kind of agreeable play things, with whom you may amuse yourself by giving chace to, as boys hunt butterflies."

" I fear I generally do them too much honor."

" Well said, vanity. But you have not answered my question."

" You have not put it in an intelligible form."

" Have you turned your thoughts to any individual young heiress?"

" There is one, who, as far as the main

article, I mean her fortune, goes, might be acceptable."

"Am I acquainted with her?"

"You are; nay, you have brought yourself into good repute with her, and I have sometimes thought it was done intentionally."

"You mean Miss Fairfax?"

"I do. Is my conjecture right?"

"What conjecture?"

"That it was not without design you have shown yourself to the uncle, to the aunt, and especially to the young lady, no less friendly than intelligent?"

"Leoline, I love you very dearly, and am very desirous to see you the gentleman that both nature and education seem to have intended to make you. Of this I believe you are convinced; but, your propensity to sarcasm is so strong, you cannot spare even your sister. My friendship for the family of Fairfax is real; how far my intelligence may be but apparent I must leave to the decision of others, except that I might

reasonably object to my brother, as a judge."

"Well said, sister! I hope you will be candid enough to allow sarcasm is a family disease."

"Perhaps so; but it is a mother's mark, over which, when in company, I generally remember it is my interest to throw a veil."

"Your prudence, sister, I know is consummate. I will do you the justice to acknowledge your conduct, through life, has been marked with this virtue. You might have married a ruined man of rank, and fashion; but you prudently preferred a wealthy merchant: you govern him like a child, yet you prudently make him appear to be the master of his own family. You despise our uncle, Sir Christopher, and his fox-hunting son; their company and conversation, you say, give you far more disgust than pleasure; yet you prudently spend an annual week with them, and, though their vanity never fails to impel them to sneer at your mercantile marriage, you prudently affect to

laugh at their illiberal attempts to be witty, nay, and are kind enough to give meaning to jokes equally vulgar and rapid."

"While I live *in* the world, brother, I must live *with* the world."

"Ay, ay; you do not think it wise to goad an ass, that you know will kick, if he can."

"Do, you, brother?"

"No; yet I cannot always forbear."

"Well, brother, I will candidly own, I wished you to turn your thoughts to Miss Fairfax, who is not only an heiress but highly accomplished, beautiful, has a kind heart, and an excellent understanding."

"I deny the understanding."

"Well, well, I grant you, in some instances, she is very deficient."

"Had she been turned upon the world without a fortune, sister, as you were, she would never have possessed a tythe of your prudence. I suspect she would never have condescended to have married Mr. Jeremiah

Grafton, though he is generally allowed to be a mighty good sort of a man."

"I admit, brother, that the ruined rake might have been more to her humour. I looked a little to the enjoyments of youth, and to the comforts of old age. Still I think her fortune, beauty, and accomplishments, are sufficient to make her a very desirable match for a certain young templar, called Leoline Hargrave, who is conscious of no want, that of a good estate excepted, and whose family, person, and talents, may rank him at least her equal."

"Modestly speaking, I think they may."

"Well said, Mr. Modesty. Pray let me ask, are you acquainted with Mr. Fairfax's late ward, Archibald Campbel?"

"Very slightly. But why that question?"

"Because I am well persuaded there is a lurking partiality for him, in the pretty tender heart of Miss Fairfax."

"And you therefore suppose I ought to stand in awe of Mr. Campbel, as a rival?"

"Whatever you ought, I do not suppose you do."

"A Cambridge pedant! A mixture of Scotch pride and English principle! A would-be-boy philosopher, the humble imitator of his wise guardian! I should be ashamed to enter the lists of love against such a champion."

"With a good person, a better estate, much reading, more enterprise, and an unbounded zeal for all that he thinks virtue, he is allowed to be a youth of no little promise."

"He is at best but well-tempered clay, from which an able artist may produce whatever animal he pleases. I happened to dine in company with him last week, and, even before the cloth was well removed, in the presence of the ladies, he began and maintained a wrangling argument, though every person present was his opponent, in favour of the native virtue of the human heart! His zeal was truly apostolic, his obstinacy unconquerable, and his credulity

sufficient to have sent him to heaven on the back of Mahomet's ram."

"Oh, as for his enthusiasm, I, however extravagant, deny that it equals that of Miss Fairfax, though hers is of somewhat a different kind."

"Yes, and still, if possible, more ridiculous. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She believes in the immaculate nature of female friendship!"

"You will exaggerate, Leoline; she does but believe in the immaculate nature of that friendship, which any young Miss of her acquaintance shall think proper to profess in her favor; and in defence of this faith she would be a willing martyr."

"Do you not suppose it possible to inspire her with equal faith in the friendship of man?"

"I think it not only possible but easy?"

"I am almost sorry for it."

"Why so?"

"I mean myself to make the experiment,

and I should begin my task with more alacrity, were the obstacles somewhat greater."

"Well, well, brother, I am glad you have so far explained yourself. I shall take a pleasure to promote your plan, for it is not only honorable to you, but, in my opinion, advantageous to Miss Fairfax."

The above dialogue will sufficiently inform every judge of the human heart what were the general sentiments, characters, and principles, of Leoline Hargrave, barrister at law, and of his prudent sagacious sister, Mrs. Grafton.

CHAP. II.

THE dialogue that has been given in the preceding chapter, happened in the spring, and Miss Eleonor Fairfax, on whom the brother and sister have declared they had designs, arrived about a week afterward in London. Perhaps it may be received as a maxim, that no words can so well pourtray the character of any individual, as those of that individual himself. Presuming this to be so, every opportunity will be taken, in the present history, of suffering the dramatis personæ to speak for themselves, which will be done by now and then reciting the conversations that passed between them, and at other times by inserting such of their letters as are in the historian's possession, whenever they will contribute to the main design, by the elucidation of opinions, feelings, and facts.

Of this kind is the following epistle, written by the at present happy Eleonor to

the very dearest of her dear friends, Lady Clarissa Follington, whom she had reluctantly left at Bath. At this period, Eleonor Fairfax might well be called happy: her person was beautiful, her temper enthusiastic yet cheerful, her fortune more than adequate to the wishes of seventeen, her relations equal, perhaps, even to herself in affection, and, to the number of her friends she delighted to believe that she had lately added Lady Clarissa, whose family was ancient, whose talents were brilliant, and in whose heart the ardent Eleonor had discovered as many perfections as she herself could imagine. Like the grand Michael Angelo, or more properly like the divine Raphael, she was an artist of the highest order; for her forms were all of the beautiful ideal: they were not accurate portraits, though she mistook them for such; but they were filled up, or varied, as they were pictured in the simplicity, purity, and benevolence of her own heart. But her letter will give the best picture.

" To Lady Clarissa Follington, Bath.

" My dear dear friend, I sit down the very first day after my arrival, that I may chat with my Clarissa, and unburthen my heart of a few of those sensations by which it has been almost overpowered. Surely, few pangs are greater than those that are felt by separated friends! Oh how happy have been the days I have lately spent at Bath, and how fortunate was the little incident that drew your kind attention toward me! Ah, Clarissa, how I adore such sweetness of temper, and such goodness of heart! It was the first time in my life that I remember to have been so overpowered by the heat of a ball-room. My aunt Malden was so busy in talk with her next neighbour, that she did not observe me. I really feared I should have fainted; but your friendly eye saw my distress, your commands were instantly obeyed, for you are every where adored; I was taken into the air, and a cordial was given me. Well might I recover in the tender arms of my Clarissa, and smiled upon

by features so expressive of benevolence! When my heart wrongs my Clarissa, may I—no, no: I'll make no ugly protestations: I will leave the fidelity of my heart to the test of time.

" Pray let me know the moment the day of your departure from Bath is fixed: within a fortnight, at farthest, I delight to cherish the hope of receiving the sweet kiss of friendship from you, in Broad-street. Had you not kindly offered, I scarcely think I should have ventured to request a visit from you, while we remain in the city; but my uncle's house, in Baker-street, has been newly painted and papered; and, in compliment to me, the furniture is to be greatly modernised. Such things are in themselves very indifferent to me, but not as they show the affection of my dear aunt and uncle, and as they may contribute to the pleasures of my friend. Oh! they are then delightful! Not that I pretend to despise whatever is pleasant, and gives one agreeable feelings: I often find I can be

amused with trifles, and it would be very dishonorable in me to deceive my friend, and make her believe I have no foibles. Mercy on me, I have more than I dare own.

"I was in town, yesterday, time enough for dinner, and I found at table several friends, no doubt invited by my dear attentive uncle and aunt, to welcome me on my return to town. There were Mr. and Mrs. Grafton, and the brother of that lady, Mr. Leoline Hargrave, a young gentleman of great good breeding, remarkably elegant in his person, uncommonly witty, is said to be a great orator, and, being called to the bar, his friends expect to see him soar to I know not what pinnacle of fame. There were two or three other guests, but, as they were only every day hum-drum citizens, I shall be malicious enough not to attempt any description of their good qualities, or their bad; for I do not expect from them that they will either reform the world or set it on fire.

"I must not however forget one, who certainly does not belong to this class: he is of totally a different race. I mean Mr. Archibald Campbel, who was several years the ward of my uncle, a young gentleman of great good principle, which in my opinion very nearly amounts to a proof of the superiority of his understanding. Apropos, I remember I once before mentioned him to you; and, because I spoke in his praise, you concluded he had a deeper share in my affections than I was willing to own; but that notion I again assure you was a mistaken one, and I hope you have a better opinion of me than to suppose I would thus deliberately write an untruth, without the least motive. If my heart had any partiality for Mr. Campbel, and if my silly affections spoke louder in his favor than my little understanding could justify, though I might be ashamed of the weakness, I should think it a sacred duty to deposit my secret in the bosom of my friend. I yet know nothing of the manner in which the affec-

tions of young people steal upon them. Yet I cannot but conjecture that there is something of sympathy in them: I cannot conceive I could ever begin to have hopes and fears of a certain kind, till I was first thoroughly persuaded I had myself inspired some such feelings. Mr. Campbel has amiable manners; he is obliging, far from inattentive, and never says any thing that would not become a man of good breeding; but he has a kind of grave philosophical turn: he and my uncle more frequently discuss metaphysical points, which I do not much understand, than subjects of taste and the fine arts; however the latter are more nearly allied to the affections of the heart. I think however I need not discuss this question with you, for I am persuaded you are quite convinced that, whenever two people are attracted towards each other, it is by those harmonizing sympathies, which I suppose are always felt, but which I doubt whether wiser people than I can explain.

"Mrs. Grafton is a very charming woman! I feel somehow sorry that she and her husband are not of the same class, though he is a very good sort of person, and nobody can behave with more propriety as a wife than she does. He is one of the hum-drums. As for her, should you hereafter ever happen to meet her, when you drop in upon me, I am sure you will be quite charmed by the friendship of her manner, and the good understanding she shows. Prudence and precaution seem to guide both her words and actions; her mind is quite fruitful in its remarks, which often surprise one, they are so judicious, and now and then so shrewd. You will, perhaps, think this is not a kind of companion you would chuse, but that is my fault in not properly describing her, for few people have a more winning and amiable manner. Let me confess to you, my dear Clarissa, that I am becoming quite a favorite with her. I know the pleasure it will give you, whenever I can gain the esteem of persons of superior virtue

and good sense, which I am quite sure she possesses in a very delightful degree. I dare say you will tell me this is one of my flights, but when I myself am a witness of the virtues of others, shall I forbear to give them their due? Shall I be cowardly enough to doubt, and have the cold precaution to be silent, lest I should commit myself? Oh shame! shame! Never let such a heart inhabit my bosom!

" I cannot say that the brother of Mrs. Grafton, Mr. Hargrave, has made the same favorable impression upon me: he uttered a sentiment, which I do not like, and which I almost fear could not proceed from a good heart. Forgive me: that was a harsh judgment, I scribble whatever I first happen to feel too hastily, yet I somehow fear I shall never thoroughly like Mr. Hargrave, and I am sorry for it, for his sister's sake.

" Somebody at dinner was saying that Sir Gilbert Griffin had unexpectedly succeeded to the vast estates and title of his brother, who had fallen a sacrifice to his

humanity by attempting to save his drowning lady. 'He is a happy fellow,' said Mr. Hargrave! 'Which brother,' Mr. Campbel asked? 'Which,' retorted Hargrave! 'The living one; the heir, to be sure!' I was astonished! 'Good God,' exclaimed I, 'Mr. Hargrave, are you serious?' 'Brother, you forget yourself,' said Mrs. Grafton, very gravely. 'Do not believe him, Miss Fairfax; I know him better: he is always showing the worst side of himself; were he in the heir's place he would be quite miserable.' 'Nay, nay, ladies,' retorted he, 'can you blame me for saying, he who succeeds to a fortune of twenty thousand a year is a happy fellow?' His sister looked quite angry, and Mr. Campbel observed, 'the ladies Mr. Hargrave may be pardoned for blaming the selfish insensibility which they conceive would be inseparable from the feelings.' 'I own Mr. Campbel,' answered I, 'the thing appears to me just in the light you have placed it.' 'I bow and retract, Miss Fairfax,' said Mr. Hargrave, 'I am myself quite a devotee to

sentiment, and determine for your sake, to think it better than twenty thousand a year.' This you know, my dear Clarissa, was an unmeaning and very unsatisfactory compliment: but I was afterwards pleased to remark the great pains Mrs. Grafton took to show her brother had really a good heart; in which, to a certain degree, she succeeded, and certainly proved the goodness of her own.

" It seems like ingratitude in me to make this attack upon young Hargrave, first, because he is not at my elbow to defend himself; and next, because, though he was always mighty obliging to me, I thought him more so yesterday than ever. But you know me, and how suddenly I am hurried away by every trait of goodness of heart, or the contrary.

" I felt, and shall always feel, and remember, both the justice and the benevolence of your sarcastic raillery, when I took my leave: you laughed, and cautioned me to take care, and not to let any spark fall into

and inflame my immense magazine of gunpowder of sentiment, on my arrival in London; for if it did, the explosion would be terrible. My dear aunt Fairfax, who is as good a soul as ever breathed, when the company had retired, warned me to be wary how I should fix my first affections; otherwise, she foresaw, if I should happen to place them on a man who had any tincture of selfish and ungenerous principles, I should make myself truly wretched for life. She was very right, and there was so much affection, both in her words and looks, that I could not forbear, but flung my arms round her neck and kissed her, as I could have kissed the tenderest and best of mothers.

" Bless me, here have I scribbled over two full sheets of paper! Do, my dear Clarissa, give me the pleasure of an answer twice as long; that is the only possible way to convince me I have committed no crime.

" My best respects to your honored aunt, and to you everlasting fidelity, love, and friendship. " ELEONOR FAIRFAX."

CHAP. III.

ELEONOR, who was ardent to perform her duties conscientiously, and whose confiding heart delighted in showing how open it was, would not seal up the letter we have read, till she had first given it to her aunt and uncle to read. In general, they were both highly pleased with the contents; for they had good sense enough to perceive the numerous traits they contained of an excellent heart, and a mind worthy to be its companion. Eleonor, however, now and then perceived a smile on her uncle's countenance, and, when he returned the letter, could not forbear to ask him what his smiling meant? Who can but smile at gunpowder of sentiment, said he.

"Ah, you naughty uncle! No, no," said she, "you are a good uncle: I should forget my chief fault, if you did not now and then remind me of it, and then heaven knows what other sad mistakes might spring from that."

" To mistakes, my dear," continued the uncle, " add misfortunes."

" No, no, I do not think I am born to be unfortunate," said the ardent Eleonor.

" So we both earnestly hope, my child, for no one is more deserving of happiness," replied her aunt. " But pray tell us who Lady Clarissa Follington is?"

" Dear! Have you not heard of the Earl of Follington?"

" Oh yes," answered her uncle, " often enough. Is she his daughter?"

" She is! I became acquainted with her the night the master of the ceremonies had his ball; you will guess the rest from my letter; she introduced me to her aunt, and I have been ever since on terms of the most intimate friendship, I believe with both, but certainly, with Lady Clarissa. Oh, she is the dearest, sweetest, most delightful creature! I cannot but consider this accident as one of the happiest events of my life!"

" Is your satisfaction so very great be-

cause Lady Clarissa is a person of rank and fashion?"

"Naughty uncle! But I am sure you can only ask that question in joke. I believe I should never pardon myself, if you could seriously tax me with having ever seen me influenced by such paltry motives. They are groveling, selfish! I hope I am not that!"

"Were I publicly noticed by rank and fashion, I really believe I should think myself publicly honoured, if the virtues of the noble persons befitted their station," said Mr. Fairfax.

"That is precisely my case," answered Eleonor: "I felt myself honored, I know not how much, because the virtues of my friends truly befitted their station: they would else never have been my friends. But I shall soon introduce my charming Clarissa to you, and you will then do her justice.

"Such wit, such candour, such a heart! and her understanding is uncommon.

Though her father is an earl, she is totally free from pride! I am sure, dear sir, when you see her, you will not be surprised at my enthusiasm. It is impossible I should ever change; my heart can never cease to cherish my sweet affectionate Clarissa!"

"What proofs of affection has this young lady given your, dear Eleonor?"

"Oh, a thousand!"

"How long did you say you have been acquainted?"

"An age, in friendship."

"Well said, Eleonor! As I recollect, you are just turned of seventeen."

"That is precisely the happy time when ages in friendship rush upon us in such quick succession."

"Well, well, you have known this young lady how long?"

"Long enough to convince me I have never known one I loved half so well, or or who was half so charming."

"So I have heard you say of several: but I ask, again and again, how long have

you been acquainted with Lady Clarissa Follington?"

"The intercourse of a day, an hour—pshaw! Five minutes were more than sufficient, but I have known her almost a month!"

"And in the space of *one* month you have received a thousand proofs of affection from a young lady of fashion, to whom, you inform me, you were accidentally introduced, at a ball?"

"I saw her almost every day! we were inseparable! Her aunt, too, the honorable Mrs. Altamont, is one of the most charming women in the world! She is not yet decided whether she shall spend the winter in town, but I expect my dear Clarissa very soon, or at all events in the spring, and then you will judge whether I exaggerate. Beside, you shall see her letters. I shall certainly have an answer to-morrow." "I fear, Eleonor, you are preparing disappointment for yourself; you are totally ignorant of the manners

of high life, and are not aware that the professions of young ladies of fashion are little to be trusted. I would not advise you to put implicit faith in her ladyship's constancy."

"Indeed, my dear uncle, you do her injustice! My Clarissa is no every day miss; she is incapable of being inconstant! I would pledge my life on her sincerity!"

About the middle of this discourse, Mr. Archibald Campbel came in. "What is the matter, Miss Fairfax," said he? "Is your uncle severe upon a favourite friend, that you are so warm in her defence?"

"Oh, he is unjust to the most amiable lady on earth! He suspects my beloved Clarissa of being fickle!"

"The fair sex have the privilege to be fickle," said Campbel, smiling; "but fickle or constant, they are allowed to be charming creatures."

"You flatter us, Archibald," replied Mrs. Fairfax, gravely, "because you think our sex are weak of intellect."

" The charge against you is true, Campbel," said her worthy husband. " You think too lightly of the intellectual powers of women, my dear young friend; nor are you aware it is by such injustice that those powers are frequently prevented from being called into action, when they might highly benefit society, as well as the possessor."

" Indeed, my dear sir," answered Campbel, " you wrong me in supposing I am unjust to the fair sex; no man has a greater respect for their domestic virtues and amiable qualities than I have."

" I believe you, Archibald; but you are not equally just to their mental endowments: to those you are a heretic."

Campbel bowed and replied, " I hope neither Miss Fairfax nor your honored lady are so unjust to their own merit as to suspect me of heresy on the present occasion."

" A truce to compliments," interrupted Mr. Fairfax, looking at his watch; " we had forgotten our engagement; we must be gone."

" I am very unfortunate," said Campbel rather emphatically as he followed Mr. Fairfax; "but I hope, dear ladies, you will do me the justice to believe it is with reluctance I leave you under an impression so unfavorable."

" Archibald is an excellent young man," said Mrs. Fairfax, when he had quitted the room; "his principles are no less pure than his manners are engaging, but he thinks too lightly of the female understanding, and indulges in trifling compliments which cannot but mortify every woman of sense; though he would scorn to be guilty of a dishonorable action, and trifle with the happiness of those even who would not scruple to trifle with his. When experience has made him better acquainted with women, he will better know how to appreciate their mental qualities, and he will then have the candor to acknowledge he has hitherto done them injustice."

With that good-natured smile, which seldom failed to embellish her lovely coun-

tenance, when she ventured to differ in opinion, Eleonor replied, " Why do you suppose Mr. Campbel so unjust to our sex, my dear aunt. Indeed, I think both you and my uncle have been too severe on him."

" Perhaps we may have been so," answered her aunt. " During the last two or three years, whenever absent from college, he has spent part of his time with us, and I know not whether it was from books, or conversation, but we found he had imbibed the opinion that the female understanding ought to be limited to the performance of domestic duties: he seemed to doubt even if accomplishments were not rather prejudicial than valuable. However, I must own, I have myself gradually observed him less strenuous in the defence of such opinions; and, as I feel they are unjust, I have been very anxious they should be entirely renounced. Your uncle, in addition to having undertaken the very important charge of a guardian, feels for him all the affection of a friend. His guardianship you

know is ended, but not his solicitude to see our worthy friend Archibald happy."

"I have heard my uncle speak with great satisfaction of the friendship he formerly had for the father of Mr. Campbel."

"Oh, yes, he was a worthy gentleman; a merchant of high respectability. He left Edinburgh to settle in London, bringing Mrs. Campbel with him. She too was a native of Scotland, a most amiable lady, but she unfortunately died when little Archibald, her only child, was in his infancy. Her husband was carried off by a fever early in life, at the age of one and forty: he not only bequeathed the guardianship of his son, then twelve years old, to your uncle, but also left him his executor. You will not therefore be surprised at the anxiety Mr. Fairfax feels for a friend, who is the son of a friend; or the double satisfaction, I may say, the unspeakable pleasure, he enjoys to find the efforts he has taken so well seconded by the virtues of Mr. Campbel."

"Oh, dear aunt," said Eleonor, "to hear

you describe them makes one participate in those delicious pleasures. Pray did the father of Mr. Campbel leave no relations?"

"Only one, Mr. Dugald M'Donnald, who was the brother of his deceased wife, and his own cousin; but for several years all correspondence between them had ceased, merely because of the eccentricities of Mr. M'Donnald, who, though he is master of a sufficient fortune, chooses to live secluded in a remote corner of Scotland, where he can freely indulge certain whimsical reveries, without being molested by a world which he appears to despise."

CHAP. IV.

SUCH was the conversation that passed between the amiable aunt and the lovely niece, but that the events hereafter to be related concerning Eleonor may be the more easily understood, we will briefly recapitulate a few facts necessary to be known. Eleonor had lost her parents within a few months of each other when she was in her twelfth year: the maiden name of her mother was Malden, and her aunt Malden whom she mentions in her letter, was the wife of her mother's brother, who made Bath his chief place of residence. Mr. Fairfax was her paternal uncle; he had long been at the head of a banking house in the city, in which the father of Eleonor had been a junior partner, and in which Eleonor's fortune, by his express will, was vested, till she should marry or come of age. He was wealthy, but without an heir, and this increased the strong attachment both he and

his lady felt, as well for Archibald Campbel, as for his niece, of whom he was left sole guardian; his integrity, understanding, and conduct through life, had acquired him high and general esteem, and his mild and social virtues had made him no less beloved in private life.

Eleonor paid an annual visit of six weeks or two months during the Bath season, to her uncle and aunt Malden; but she resided with Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax. Her intellect was so quick, her principles were so excellent, and she behaved with such undeviating propriety, that it was impossible for so kind an aunt and uncle to keep her under restraint, which she did not impose upon herself, or scarcely to remember she was yet but seventeen: she was trusted with an almost unlimited power over her own actions, for they found her to be worthy of so great a trust. When she had doubts, she communicated them without reserve to her aunt Fairfax; if she had visits to make, permission was asked, and her freedom was

fifty-fold increased, because her whole behaviour was circumspect, and showed she did not consider herself as free.

In addition to an expressive countenance, a sweet smile, fine eyes, a tall and graceful figure, and a beautiful complexion, she was very accomplished, and her disposition was remarkably gentle and affectionate; but the romantic enthusiasm, against which her worthy uncle impressively warned her, not only subjected her to frequent disappointment, but, as we shall see in the sequel, exposed her to no small degree of pain.

Possessed of all these advantages and a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, bequeathed by her father and left to accumulate, beside the high expectations every body, except herself, formed for her, as the heiress to her rich uncle, Fairfax, no wonder she should draw the attention of Mr. Leoline Hargrave, and his prudent sister, toward her; or that their plans should be laid with all the art, and prosecuted with more than all the zeal, their

conversation on the subject seemed to imply.

By his discourse with his sister, Hargrave might have been supposed to have despised Campbel as a rival; but his vanity, though of that he had no small share, was not quite so great as he himself perhaps might suppose it to be: he was conscious of the mistake he had fallen into respecting Eleonor, by the expression of his mercenary wish when he dined with Mr. Fairfax: he felt he had foolishly done himself an injury, in the pure heart he was endeavouring to ensnare, and would have profited by the broad hint his sister gave him more effectually, but that his propensity to sneering satire was stronger than his presence of mind. To obtain the hand of a young lady of such fortune, to say nothing of her other accomplishments, was a project not foolishly to be neglected, nor slightly undertaken: the more he considered it the more seducing and grand was its appearance; so that, with the philosophic Hamlet, he

might say, " it fooled him to the top of his bent," as he designed to fool others.

One of his first efforts was that of obtaining an early opportunity to converse with young Campbel, whom he was determined both to sound and to impregnate with certain ideas, such as he thought might most effectually serve his purpose. The dialogue that follows happened one morning at the house of Mr. Fairfax, and contains, as here given, the essential part of what then passed between them.

" You delight a good deal in philosophical studies, Mr. Campbel?"

" I have read books of that kind, from which I have derived great instruction, and consequently great pleasure."

" You are a happy man! You have a mind fitted for such pursuits, and a purse that enables you to indulge your propensities! I can boast of neither. I have observed, you have a kind of aversion to the marriage state."

" Have you, indeed?" Campbel smiled

as he spoke. " Then your observation, sir, is much deeper than mine. I have always considered myself as holding that state in what may much rather be called a kind of peculiar reverence."

" Is it possible! Ah, judging, as we generally do, from detached hints and accidental expressions, how frequently we mistake the characters of our friends and acquaintance. Philosophical research requires acute talents, profound thought, and no little application. I shall never be a philosopher; nay, indeed, I was ignorant enough on the subject to suppose that philosophy and love were almost incompatible."

" Why so?"

" Oh, love is usually considered as a kind of vulgar passion."

" You are jocular."

" Not one of our desires more violently disturb the mind, and philosophy delights in calm contemplation. A lover is a continual dangler after his mistress, hears her prattle nonsense with admiration, is eager

to divine and gratify every capricious whim her foolish fancy can suggest, patiently submits to her sallies of ill temper, will fondle her lap-dog, gambol with her monkey, and suffer himself to be pecked at by her parrot, if her giggling does but show she takes pleasure in his slavery. Now a philosopher so employed!"—

"With the lap-dog, the monkey, the parrot, and miss"—

"It would form a ludicrous group. I rather think the lookers on would take the liberty to laugh."

"I readily allow there are ladies, both young and old, with whom neither philosophers nor men of common sense could fall in love; but you do not surely mean to assert that the portraits you have drawn, of a lady and her lover, gives us the likeness of all ladies and their lovers?"

"I would not be too daring, yet I think I might challenge you to show me a pair of lovers, in whom I could not point out some strong traits of general resemblance."

" Consequently, you are determined never to be in love?"

" By no means. I am a thoughtless fellow, admirably fitted to be made the Tom-fool of a girl; but, did I possess philosophic wisdom and gravity, I dare venture to suppose I should determine to avoid the follies that gingle in the brain of a lover, and still more the misfortunes that enfix themselves in the heart of a husband. You are better read on the subject than I am, you can reconcile love and philosophy."

" At least, I did not think them so inimical as you seem to suppose."

" A philosopher is a superior being, who devotes his talents, not to individuals, but, to the human race: he seats himself on an eminence, whence he contemplates the world beneath him, remarks effects, developes causes, and directs the march of the multitude. I have always supposed his high employments engaged his whole attention, none of which he would condescend to waste on the wants and the passions of

the vulgar, or the common occurrences of life. Though I do not pretend to aspire to it, I yet love to contemplate the dignity of the character. For instance, it pleases me to fancy myself present, when the servant of sir Isaac Newton brought in his dinner, placed it on the table, reminded him it was waiting, and was ordered to leave the room by a nod from his master, who, absorbed in the consideration of we know not what profound problem, could not descend to the paltry act of eating, but pursued the solution of some unknown law of nature, no doubt; and, when the servant came again, pointed to the meat, and told him to take it away. The man exclaimed, "Lord, sir, you have not dined!" How I should have delighted to have seen him look at the dinner, rub his eyes, and answer only three words: "I had forgot!" I shall never be a philosopher; I love a good dinner too well."

"You seem to understand how to philosophize with no little acuteness, though

still better perhaps how to banter. I make no affectation of the want of capacity to study philosophy, yet am far from thinking I deserve to be called a philosopher; though by that name, could I truly deserve it, I should think myself more honored than by any other title."

"Yes, you look with a very proper contempt on the pursuits of politicians, and the dignities to which they aspire."

"Proceed, Mr. Hargrave," said Campbel, smiling: "one man may be too intent in the pursuit of bad arguments, and another too eager in hunting after good jokes."

"Supposing the charge to be true, you have your revenge; you have turned the tables upon me: your wit is severe. However, though you perhaps may allow I have talents that may qualify me to cross question a witness, yet I do not believe you have the least suspicion I should ever discover the longitude. On the question of love and philosophy, I suppose I was

wrong. To own the truth, Mr. Campbel, I have with no little surprise seen you very gallant to the ladies."

"If I do not mistake, I have seen you much more so."

"Oh dear, yes: to me it is quite an amusement. I can take some pleasure in laughing at my own folly, and in observing how naturally it arises out of theirs. On one point, however, I think our opinions are much the same.

Campbel smiling, asked, "What can that point be?"

"Nay, you need not remind me of my presumption," said Hargrave, somewhat piqued, "beside, on consideration, there are more points than one, on which we might happen to agree: for example, we shall scarcely either of us deny that the sun gives light, or that Miss Fairfax is a charming young lady."

"I certainly think, with you, the charms of Miss Fairfax are as indisputable as the light of the sun."

" I guessed as much. Her beauty, her intelligence, her —— I must not attempt a panegyric on her. I should do her injustice."

" What if you were to try to find out her faults?"

" Do you think she has any?"

" Do not you?"

" Must I be sincere?"

" I leave that to your conscience."

" Nay, if you tax me so closely, I must, however reluctantly, confess I think she has; though, could faults be amiable, her's would certainly be so."

" With that opinion I fully agree; for I am greatly mistaken if they do not all originate in the excellence of her heart."

" You have accurately expressed my thoughts: were I her brother, as I own myself her admirer, I know not whether I could wish the least alteration in her. But, like me, you candidly own she has faults. To be sure, her praise of her friends is so extravagant that one can scarcely hear her

and keep one's countenance; yet, she herself, while she rushes forward in her fits of affectionate exaggeration, displays herself, as I may say, in such lovely attitudes, the ignorance she shows of the world so fully proves the simplicity of her heart, and thoughts, that in themselves are so foolish, do, notwithstanding, show such angelic purity, that one cannot so much as wish her more prudent, or better informed. At present, she is the only person in danger; should she marry, I grant, her husband must run the risk, and that daily, of standing sometimes very ridiculously, and at others very seriously, committed. I doubt, he must every hour, supposing him to be a man of foresight and understanding, shudder with apprehension, lest the next thing he should hear should be some strange freak, to which the burning zeal of the wife he adored should have prompted her, that might involve him—I know not how far; but duels, debts, ruin in various shapes, force themselves upon the fancy."

" Then Miss Fairfax would not be the wife of your choice?"

" I do not say that. When I am in her company, I am spell-bound! It is absolute necromancy! I listen with my senses so captivated that every thing she then says is the best thing she possibly could have said, every thing she does is divine, and every thing she means to do cannot but be admirable!"

" An appointment obliges me to take my leave, Mr. Hargrave. I can only say, I have heard you with admiration, sufficient to convince me that, when you shall hereafter be perfectly well known at the bar, you will become what is called one of its greatest ornaments."

CHAP. V.

FEW people will be inclined to assert that Mr. Leoline Hargrave was not a very accomplished gentleman, in that peculiar attainment which was his chief delight and study; namely, cunning. It would have been difficult for any master in the art to have held discourse, which would have more effectually produced that state of mind he intended to produce in Campbel, than the very words he had employed, accompanied by the appearance of candor, with which they had been delivered. The whole picture was, beyond all dispute, from the hand of a master. It was his intention to caricature, yet the likeness was so perfectly preserved, that not a feature, as he traced it, could be mistaken.

Campbel saw far into the heart of Hargrave, but not far enough; of that, the goodness of his own heart would not admit: he understood, at least he felt, the malice of the

sarcastic irony to which he had listened, but was far from suspecting the plan that gave it birth. The part that regarded Miss Fairfax, as was intended, misled him most: he had not beheld so much virtue, embellished by so many charms, with insensibility. During the last half year, the image of the lovely Eleonor had frequently dwelt in his thoughts, and had excited those warm wishes for her welfare, which were at once natural to his age and his heart. Campbel however, with respect to her enthusiasm, was no less clear sighted than Hargrave, the remarks made by the latter, therefore, did but revive ideas that had passed through his mind, not without considerable pain.

The worthy Mr. Fairfax had contributed much by his discourse, more by his example, and, indeed, by every possible means, to give his ward the power of distinguishing between good and evil. At every opportunity, he had led his pupil to observe the consequences of actions, especially of his own, and to beware of undertaking any se-

rious thing before it had been seriously considered. Speaking of matrimony, as he frequently had done, among the various events of life, he described it to be that on which happiness, or unhappiness, most depended: other mistakes might admit of remedies, but a mistake in marriage was irretrievable; it was generally the worst of mistakes.

The picture, therefore, that Hargrave drew, of the probable dangers in which the husband of Eleonor might be involved, rouzed all the fears of Campbel; or rather strengthened fears that had been previously entertained, since its tendency was to shew they were too real to admit of a doubt. He had begun to cherish the hope that he might gain the heart of Eleonor, that she might one day become his consoling angel, and that with her he might enjoy happiness, such as no words can speak, and youth only is visionary enough to expect.

Campbel ranked among the best of the human race, and the best are the most vi-

sionary; for, having no guile in their hearts, it is long before they can be convinced there is any. He was himself an enthusiast in the defence of certain systems and principles, and even in the praise he bestowed on his favorite friends; but neither systems, principles, nor friends, had become his favorites suddenly. Though his eulogiums might at last have no limits, they could only be obtained by experience; he praised after he had proved, and not before. Like Eleonor, he could easily, and sometimes eagerly, give credit to persons, who professed friendship, but in one essential point they differed: he never ventured to call, even the warmest professors, by the sacred name of friends, till their actions had confirmed their words.

Men of ardent minds, be their pursuits good or ill, are never satisfied with mediocrity: they frequently fall into error by doing too much; but seldom are guilty of sins of omission. Campbel felt no little desire to appear amiable in the eyes of

Eleonor; but his desire to see her perfect impelled him to risk being thought hardly of, even by her, rather than desert what he considered as a sacred duty. He therefore determined, not only to take every opportunity to enforce whatever her aunt and uncle might in future say to discourage that enthusiasm, which might give birth to dangers so serious, but to seek some opportunity plainly to lay before her what her best friends thought and said on that subject.

The design was virtuous, and worthy of Campbel; yet the worthy Leoline Hargrave, could he have transformed himself like Satan at the ear of Eve, would have suggested it, and have laughed, when he perceived it begin to work, as heartily as though he had beheld Don Quixote riding full tilt to the attack of the windmills.

And here I must be indulged in asudden transition, or if you will, a digression. It is rather derogatory for a historian to confess his weakness, yet am I obliged to make

this confession. I have just now two things to do; but they cannot both be done at once. Recollecting the ardor with which Eleonor expects a letter from Bath, the reader, no doubt, in a certain degree, participates in her desire, to see a proof of the excellent heart and warm friendship of Lady Clarissa Follington. This proof, or more properly speaking, this letter, I would immediately and most willingly give him, but that I have a very longing, and I may say imperious, desire still more immediately to relate a few anecdotes of Archibald Campbel, from which he may thoroughly understand the character of that youth. I think I can partly promise they will afford him amusement, and shall therefore venture to give them precedence; only requesting he will not forget they are told to elucidate character; that, in the mean time, the story must stand still; and that these anecdotes once known to him, I shall then, without further delay, proceed to lay before him the answer which Eleonor had the happiness to receive.

Mr. Malden, of Bath, the maternal uncle of Eleonor, had a cousin, the Rev. Mr. Luke Malden, who, having in early youth discovered a great love of learning, and a peculiar facility in scholastic acquirements, had been sent first to Eaton, and from thence to Cambridge, where he was esteemed an ornament to the university. His knowledge here was greatly admired, but he had certain peculiarities that did not make him much beloved. Though his erudition was great, his mind independent, and his conduct irreproachable, he was rigid of temper, reserved in his manners, and intolerant on religious subjects. He was a zealous, and, as he believed, an orthodox, son of the church; but he had lived much among persons of puritanical habits, and, with all the severity of a Calvinist, had imbibed a tenacious pertinacity of opinion, and a dogmatical precision.

He had long been accustomed to visit his cousin annually, at the Christmas vacation, and consequently had become familiar with

Eleonor. The not understanding persons and things exactly in their right light is one of those domestic misfortunes which pursue many of us through life, and often do us very essential injury. Even the sportive and playful Eleonor, as she emerged from childhood, and began to prattle her rising thoughts freely, did not satisfy Mr. Malden. That the punishment, to which he most peremptorily asserted those who differed from him in certain points would be eternally condemned, for their heretical opinions, might not be quite so severe as he described, she would sometimes venture to hope; and, as he was frequently addicted to hurl those who dissented from him to the bottomless pit, she was no less eager to endeavor to stretch out a helping hand to them, or at least to express her strong belief that things would not turn out quite so bad as he supposed.

He was a man far indeed from having any malice at his heart; there scarcely could be a heart more upright; he only spoke

from the excess of zeal, and a truly conscientious desire to turn the wicked from their evil ways, for such he held a difference in opinion with him to be: thus, while he often appeared under the odious form of a merciless persecutor, his charitable intentions were wholly christian; for he would willingly have incurred any danger, except the loss of his eternal soul, could he but have worked the salvation of sinners.

Having taken his degrees and entered into orders early in life, he made a few attempts to preach; but they were unsuccessful: his form was athletic, yet his voice was not impressive, his speech inarticulate, his appearance uncouth, and his whole manner unpopular; he had therefore confined himself to a college life, where a fellowship was bestowed upon him, and where he continued to exercise his excellent talents very beneficial as a tutor.

One Christmas time, Eleonor being then in her thirteenth year, on twelfth day, the drawing for king and queen was appointed,

and she, with a playfulness common to her age, and peculiarly characteristic of herself, among other ridiculous characters, had inserted the Rev. Peter Prim. Whether it was chance or contrivance, matters little, but so it was, that the Rev. Mr. Luke Malden drew this character, and, as the mirth of the season is boisterous, all the young people round the table were in a roar, till even their elders could not forbear to join the laugh.

The solemn propensities and serious temper of Mr. Luke Malden but ill fitted him to partake their mirth; he sat half an hour silently, considering how it became him to act, then took a light, retired to his chamber, packed up his trunk, went off by the stage before the family was awake, and left a note on his table, half civilly, half indignantly, apologizing to Mr. and Mrs. Malden for the abruptness of his departure, but intimating, though not in direct terms, he would never again trouble them with his visits at a season that Miss Fairfax honored them with her company.

In this he was guilty of great weakness; but he considered it as a conscientious discharge of his duty to himself, and still more to the dignity of the clerical character, which no consideration whatever could have tempted him to neglect.

From that time to the period at which this history begins, he had never again met Eleonor, who had indeed been guilty of a great impropriety, for which she was heartily sorry the next morning; but it was a day too late, the mischief was done.

CHAP. VI.

WHAT has been related of the Rev. Mr. Malden was purposely to introduce him to the reader, and lead him readily to understand how a gentleman so conscientious in his principles and practice, having his habits of thinking, might act as he did on the following occasion.

Being related to the family, and his scholastic abilities being known to Mr. Fairfax, when it was agreed that his ward, Archibald Campbel, should finish his education at Cambridge, it was thought adviseable, no less by himself than by his guardian, to let him belong to the college of which Mr. Luke Malden was the public tutor. It is a melancholy truth, that difference of opinion has excited greater enmities, and been made the instrument of more mischief to mankind, than any other of the most violent passions of men; nor will it be thought surprising that Mr. Campbel and his public tutor should differ

in opinion, or that they, having frequent intercourse, should soon become acquainted with each other's principles. On many particular points, these principles were inimical, but particularly on one: Mr. Luke Malden was a decided enemy to freedom of religious enquiry, while Campbel was no less thoroughly convinced its tendency was to promote the divine morality taught by the Christian religion, and, being equally ardent and anxious to encourage and bear his part in discussion, it was not surprising he should be opposed, and his conduct openly condemned, by that gentleman.

Mr. Malden, under the bias of rooted prejudice, considered him as a dangerous innovator, took every opportunity to attack and reprobate his opinions, and treated him with forbidding hauteur, notwithstanding Archibald, who admired the talents of Malden, and honored the moral integrity of his character, paid the rigid disciplinarian unremitting respect, and endeavoured by making every conciliatory effort to overcome

unjust prejudice. All his attempts, however, were rendered abortive by the firmness with which the youth maintained opinions, which the Rev. Mr. Malden had resolutely set his face against.

He watched the conduct of Campbel with jealous vigilance, but for a considerable time could not discover any thing which could entitle a conscientious man to make complaints against the youth: the actions of Campbel could bear the strictest scrutiny, and he was cited by the master of the college as a model of temperance and application.

It might have naturally been expected that the constant failure of his uncharitable expectations, added to the respectful forbearance of Campbel, would have conquered the suspicious dislike of Malden; but prejudice, if once suffered to take root, is difficult to eradicate, especially when it originates in virtuous, though mistaken, zeal. Mr. Malden had persuaded himself that Campbel was not the temperate and high principled youth he appeared to be, but a hypocrite,

the more dangerous because he wore the specious mask of virtue; and deceitful appearances at length confirmed him in his belief, and made him, as a conscientious duty, institute serious complaints against Archibald to the master of the college, the cause of which will presently be known.

Archibald, whose habits were studious and temperate, found no difficulty in conforming to the rules of the college; he was no less regular in his hours than diligent at his studies; his conduct was open, and his associates were youths of principle.

After watching for more than a year the actions of Campbel with jealous scrutiny, Mr. Malden discovered one day, with little surprise and great indignation, at the time of the Newmarket races, that Archibald had not only spent the whole of the preceding night out of college but had been seen at a late hour, in Newmarket, to go into a gaming-house. Fully persuaded that no good motive could lead the youth to such a place, and more than ever dreading the influence of

opinions which he held to be equally dangerous and reprehensible, Mr. Malden, without previously questioning Archibald concerning the transaction, made a formal complaint to Dr. Herbert, the master of the college, against the youth, who, being summoned to their presence, was mildly desired by the latter to account for the apparent impropriety of his conduct.

"Appearances are, I acknowledge, against me," replied Campbel, addressing the doctor with the dignity of conscious innocence; "but, if you, sir, will suffer me to give you the address of Mr. Berril, the gentleman with whom I spent the greatest part of the night, and will apply to him, either personally or by letter, you will learn the motives of an action which you consider as reprehensible. I do not hold myself at liberty further to explain myself, and I hope both yourself and Mr. Malden will acquit me of so heavy a charge, and that you, sir, will excuse my first deviation from those rules which every student is bound to respect.

"I fear, Mr. Campbel," said Malden, not giving Dr. Herbert time to speak in reply, "this is not the first time you have infringed the regulations of this seminary; your principles, sir, are dangerous, and I am sorry to observe that they daily gain ground in the college; as a conscientious man, I hold it my duty to express my warm disapprobation of such principles, and to declare that I cannot think the man by whom they are professed can be a strict moralist. I hope, sir, I may be mistaken, but, if in this instance I should happen to be wrong, I must repeat that the opinions you maintain are delusive, and that I shall do my utmost to check their baneful influence."

"If that is is your conviction, you will do perfectly right, sir," answered Campbel, whose feelings were considerably moved, but who did not suffer them to conquer his equanimity; "but, I hope, if Dr. Herbert receives a satisfactory account of the transaction, you will in future judge less unfavorably of my morals, and believe me, when I give you my

honor, that I never before either infringed the rules of the college, or set foot in a gaming-house. It grieves me to have incurred the ill opinion of a gentleman I highly respect, but I cannot be a hypocrite, and say one thing while I think another."

Campbel then bowed and left the room.

"You judge that young gentleman hardly, Mr. Malden," said the doctor, "with whom Campbel was a great favorite. "I would pledge my life on his innocence."

"I hope he may be innocent," replied Mr. Malden, "but, innocent or guilty, Mr. Campbel is not only dangerous, for the innovating doctrines he daringly maintains, but for his specious manners, by which I fear you, doctor, and many others, have been deceived; and I confess I wish he were not a student of this college."

Dr. Herbert, aware of the rooted prejudices and precise rigidity of Mr. Malden, knew it would be in vain to argue the point further; he therefore suffered that gentleman to depart, and immediately wrote, as Camp-

bel had requested, to Mr. Berril, whose address the youth had left on the table, confident that the inquiry would prove favorable to Archibald, and feeling anxious to relieve the mind of the latter, to whose keen sensibility the doctor was no stranger.

CHAP VII.

THE reader no doubt is impatient to have the innocence of Campbel cleared, and it will be as just as it is pleasing to make the virtues of that excellent youth better known.

The simple fact was this: Archibald had ridden over to Newmarket with a letter, which had been inclosed to him in one from his guardian, and which he had been particularly requested to deliver himself as soon as he received it, to Mr. Berril, who was personally known to Campbel, and who had come to spend a month at Cambridge with his nephew, a young officer of dragoons. These gentlemen were gone for a few days to be present at the Newmarket races, and Archibald, understanding the letter was on business, would not defer the delivery. Young Berril, with whom Campbel was likewise slightly acquainted, had a kind heart, but he was self-willed, and his dissi-

pation and irregularities gave his friends continual and serious alarm.

Mr. Berril, senior, who had brought up his nephew from childhood, had spoiled the youth by excessive indulgence; and, like all weak but good intentioned persons, had been continually complaining of ill conduct, which he had not the understanding resolutely to check. Among other fashionable excesses, the young cornet indulged in the dangerous vice of gaming, and was in a fair way of dissipating a small fortune, just after he had come of age.

This wild youth, when Campbel called on Mr. Berril, senior, had been absent the whole of the day, without even seeing or leaving any message for his uncle, who, as evening came on, began to be seriously alarmed, and could not conceal his uneasiness from his visitor, whose superior understanding and excellent conduct made his youth be forgotten.

"I wish Arthur resembled you, Mr. Camp-

bel," said the old gentleman, "I am under continual alarm lest he should fall into the hands of sharpers, and be utterly ruined. Most likely, he is now at a gaming-house. I have not seen him the whole day, and last night I know he had a considerable sum of money in his possession."

Mr. Berril had scarcely finished speaking when his own servant, whom he had sent in quest of his nephew, came to inform his master, that, after a long and almost ineffectual search, he had found the cornet in a gaming-house, which was notorious for sharpers, hard by, playing with two suspicious looking men; that he understood he had been there all the afternoon; and that he had vainly intreated him to return home.

This intelligence, though nothing but what his fears had foreboded, was distraction to the old gentleman, who again dispatched his servant to inform his nephew that Mr. Campbel was with his uncle, and that the latter requested he would come home. In a short time the man returned with the cornet's

compliments to Mr. Campbel, he was sorry he was particularly engaged, but he could not have the honor to wait on him.

"What shall I do," exclaimed the unhappy uncle. "If I go myself, my advice will be disregarded by Arthur, and I shall probably be exposed to the impertinence of his profligate companions. Perhaps, he might yield to the persuasion of a youth of his own age; for it is only when he thinks his independence is called in question that he is obstinately deaf to advice; but who can I ask," continued the old gentleman, looking wistfully at Campbel, "to undertake so delicate and unpleasant an office?"

"You may freely command my services, dear sir," replied Archibald, "but I fear my success will not answer our wishes; my acquaintance with your nephew is slight, and our pursuits are so different that there is little sympathy between us; the trial, however, since you think my influence would be greater than yours, ought to be made, and I

shall be happy indeed if I can contribute to relieve your anxiety."

The offer of Campbel was eagerly accepted by Mr. Berril; not that he had much expectation the embassy would prove successful, but he was tormented by mingled fear and indecision, and he caught at every glimpse of hope, however faint. In following the dictates of benevolence, Archibald did considerable violence to his feelings. Young Berril, at the beginning of the acquaintance, had made cordial advances to Campbel, who, being aware of his dissipation, had politely though resolutely avoided a familiar intercourse, and a coolness naturally subsisted between the youths. Campbel could hardly expect that, under such circumstances, his intreaties could have any weight on a young man unaccustomed to yield to the salutary control of reason, and by going he exposed himself to receive a mortifying repulse; he could not, however, witness the wretchedness of the old gentleman

without feeling strong compassion, and personal considerations never deterred him from doing a kind or generous action.

Archibald entered the gaming-house, and beheld what was passing with mingled pain and disgust; shameless vice, profligate folly, or fixed despair, seemed to be written on every countenance; at every step his heart recoiled, and deep sighs involuntarily escaped him. He found young Berril, as the servant had said, engaged in play with men, who had every appearance of being sharpers. The room, which was large, was crowded, and it was a considerable time before Archibald could approach near enough to the young officer to speak to or attract his notice: at length, having accomplished his wish, he whispered young Berril, and begged he would favor him with a short conference.

"On what subject, sir," asked the cornet with cold civility.

"That I cannot publicly explain," replied Campbel, "but if you will grant me

your attention for a few moments in private—"

"Excuse me, sir," said young Berril, "I do not know that you have any claim to my particular attention."

"I come on the part of your uncle."

"So I suppose, sir, but pray be kind enough to inform my uncle that I am my own master, and will be accountable to no man for my actions."

"Let me intreat you, Mr. Berril," remonstrated Campbel, with increasing energy, but still in a whisper, "to return with me to your worthy uncle: he is, upon my honor, under serious alarm."

"Sir," drily, interrupted the cornet, "his alarm is ridiculous, and I must beg leave to observe that *your* interference is no less strange. I will not quit this place till I choose it, and, if I am molested with any more messages or advice, I will stay here till to-morrow night."

The cornet then made a slight bow to Campbel, turned to his companions, who

eyed Archibald with suspicious scrutiny, and resumed his play. Campbel, who expected to meet with no better success, seeing remonstrance would be vain, and probably dangerous to both parties, quitted the youth, with mingled pity and reluctance, and returned with the unwelcome intelligence of his ill success to the old gentleman, who was so wretched, when he found that his nephew was determined to stay, that Archibald, much as he disliked to infringe the rules of his college, could not resolve to leave Mr. Berril, till the cornet should return, though the hour was becoming late.

The time dragged heavily, and Campbel used every soothing argument to console the wretched uncle till break of day, when young Berril made his appearance, in a state of mind truly pitiable, but fortunately awakened to a sense of his folly; he had been stripped of five hundred pounds, and just before he quitted the gaming-table had received a warning lesson, which made a salutary though terrible impression on the

youth. A young man, who had a wife and family, after losing his whole fortune, rushed out of the house in desperation, and swearing, with horrible imprecations, he would not outlive the next five minutes: he had scarcely gone two steps from the door when the discharge of a pistol was heard, and the corpse was found in the street by the affrighted people of the house, who immediately closed their doors, and dismissed their guests, fearful of a justiciary prosecution.

Young Berril, as he passed the wretched suicide, shuddered, and, for the first time in his life, felt the danger and vice of his past conduct. The presence of Campbel, though it surprised, no less affected the young cornet: grieved at seeing his uncle in a state so wretched, sensible of the humane attentions of Archibald, he would not suffer the latter to withdraw till he had solemnly abjured his errors, and Campbel had the satisfaction to see the uncle and nephew reconciled before he returned to college.

This account, which the two Mr. Berrils,

from a feeling of justice, empowered Dr. Herbert to make public, though it cleared the character of Campbel, did not eradicate the prejudices of Malden: being a truly conscientious and worthy man, he confessed himself in that instance to have been mistaken, and rejoiced that the youth was innocent; but he maintained a cold reserve toward him, and still continued to hold his morals and character in suspicion, till the following circumstance dispelled the mist of prejudice, and extorted his warm esteem.

About two years before Campbel quitted the university, the mastership of the college became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Herbert: it was in the gift of the Bishop of * *, who to exemplary piety added a fine understanding, and no less liberality of mind. Mr. Malden applied for the place, but application was likewise made to his lordship by another person, the Rev. Mr. Welthorp, a man by no means so well informed or capable of fulfilling the duties of such a station as Mr. Malden; he, however,

had the art of making himself popular. Malden, on the contrary, owing to his rigid preciseness, religious intolerance, and proud independence, was not in favor either with the fellows of the college or the persons in power; while the partisans of Welthorp were numerous, and he had little doubt of obtaining the preference, because he had gained over the only son of the Bishop. This son was a fellow commoner in the college; he disliked Mr. Malden, and had great influence over the mind of his father, which he zealously exerted in behalf of the intriguing clergyman.

Campbel, indignant at the injustice likely to be inflicted on a virtuous and highly meritorious man, exerted himself with generous zeal to serve the rigid censor, who had treated and continued to treat him with mistaken but unrelenting severity. After vainly attempting to induce Augustus * * *, so the son of the Bishop of * * was called, at least to remain neuter, and endeavouring, unknown to Mr. Malden, to promote his in-

terest, Archibald determined to write himself to the prelate, with whom he had no personal acquaintance, but who was then at Cambridge, and whose liberality and amiable character he had heard highly extolled. Such a step he felt on a less urgent occasion would be unbecoming in so young a man, and even now was liable to be thought presuming; but he ardently wished to serve a worthy gentleman. He besides placed much reliance on the exalted virtues by which his lordship was distinguished, and hoped that a modest, though manly statement of facts, would make an impression favorable to Mr. Malden. Without confiding his intentions even to the few who sympathised in his feelings, he wrote the following letter:—

CHAP. VIII.

** *College*, 17**.

" My Lord,"

" As a young man and a stranger, I am conscious the step I now take must appear extraordinary, if not indecorous, till I shall explain the imperious motives that have made me presume to trespass on the time and attention of your lordship. Impelled by every claim of justice, as well as personal respect, and encouraged by the known liberality of your lordship, I beg leave to make your lordship acquainted with the virtues of the reverend Mr. Malden, whose character I fear has suffered misrepresentation. Men like him, of superior talents, must inevitably have enemies; especially when to genius they add incorruptible integrity of heart, and an inflexible determination to make all who come within their jurisdiction act with moral rectitude.

" I am, my lord, a student of ** college;

for more than two years, I have witnessed the irreproachable conduct of Mr. Malden, and, in common with the other students, have derived the benefit of his invaluable instructions. No vice can be alleged against him, his talents are allowed to be eminent, and he has conscientiously discharged the duties of his office: he is a vigilant guardian of our morals, and an arduous promoter of knowledge. The severity, of which his enemies complain, though carried perhaps a little too far, originates in motives of the purest virtue, and, surely, my lord, is preferable to that baneful indulgence which frequently arises from indolence, and which suffers vice to creep imperceptibly into the habits of youth. Forgive me, my lord, if my feelings hurry me into unbecoming warmth; had your lordship, by any circumstance, become as intimately acquainted with the worth of Mr. Malden as I happen to be, it would excite little surprise, though I will not attempt to excuse its impropriety.

" It would be presumptuous, perhaps, to

imagine that the testimony of a young man, who is totally unknown to your lordship, could influence your decision, on a subject of such public importance; but I flatter myself I may be allowed to hope that it will induce your lordship to inquire, determinately, into the truth of what I have the honor to submit to your consideration, and to be cautious in giving credit to the statements of persons, who would not intentionally deceive your lordship, but who are themselves deceived by their prejudices. Well assured that Mr. Malden will find warm advocates in the justice and liberality of your lordship, I trust, to your lordship's indulgence to acquit me of intentional impertinence, and remain with great personal respect,

" Your lordship's obedient,
" humble servant,
" ARCHIBALD CAMPBEL."

This letter, while it excited no little surprise, made a lively impression on the learned and amiable prelate to whom it was

addressed. The partisans of Welthorp had, as Campbel had justly surmised, been active in exaggerating the faults of Malden, and had set every engine at work to warp the judgment of his lordship, in favour of his opponent, and Augustus had zealously joined the cabal. In short, the good bishop, beset on every side, notwithstanding his liberality and wish to be just, was inclined to decide against Malden, at the time that he received the letter of Archibald. An appeal so manly, yet modest, could not fail to produce the intended effect on a man like the bishop of **: the scale was now turned, his lordship began to fear he had suffered his judgment to be unfairly biassed, and he was not too proud to retract. Wishing however to proceed upon sure grounds, and avoid all possibility of falling a second time into mistake, without consulting his son, he sent immediately for Mr. Malden, having fixed on an expedient to satisfy all remaining doubts.

Mr. Malden, who had been informed of the strong interest formed against him, but who was too proud to attempt to counteract the mischief, was surprised at receiving a polite note from the Bishop of **, requesting a conference. Not knowing what to fear or what to hope, that gentleman obeyed the unexpected summons.

After some preliminary conversation, in which his lordship mingled the amenity of the well-bred gentleman with dignified seriousness, the bishop showing the cover of Campbel's letter to his guest, asked him if he knew the hand writing?

" Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Malden, " and I guess the purport of the letter; it is written by a young man, who, if the late master of ** College had been of my opinion, would not have been suffered to remain a student: he is not ignorant of my sentiments, and, no doubt, has written to prejudice your lordship against me."

" Read this letter, sir," said the prelate,

presenting it, " and then tell me whether or no I ought to place confidence in the veracity of the writer.

Mr. Malden, persuaded that he should find himself censured, if not slandered, without mercy, and that Campbel had put the finishing stroke to his rejection, took the letter with proud resignation, mingled with an indignant sense of injustice. The reader will easily imagine what were his feelings, when he read the zealous defence and animated praise of the generous Campbel. Mr. Malden, though rigid in his habits and intolerant on religious points, as before has been said, was a truly good man: such a letter, written under such circumstances, was calculated to excite deep regret in the upright heart: it dropped from his trembling hand, tears started to his eyes, and he rose in agitation, scarcely conscious where he was, or what he did. When he had recovered from his emotion, the bishop, kindly taking him by the hand, said—" Well, my dear sir, do you still think the writer of that

letter is your enemy? You *have* enemies, Mr. Malden, who have endeavoured to injure you in my opinion. I confess they had nearly succeeded in making me give the preference to Mr. Welthorp; this letter," continued his lordship, "greatly staggered my belief; yet I had not come to a decision, on either side, when I requested an interview: I still had fears and doubts; the praise of friends, sometimes, like the censure of enemies, is exaggerated, and I took it for granted that a mutual and strong attachment must have subsisted between yourself and Mr. Campbel: you have convinced me that no such bias existed, and I am no longer under embarrassment. The testimony of a young gentleman, whom you dislike, and who you say is not ignorant of your sentiments, is unquestionable; it is the most honorable and flattering your merits could receive. Whatever his faults may be, that letter proves Mr. Campbel to possess no less elevation of soul than goodness of heart: it displays that sound understanding, and high moral rec-

titude, which are so rarely to be met with in youth. Keep it, dear sir, as a just tribute to your virtues, and let me prevail on you to esteem the author."

" Oh, my lord, I can never forgive myself for having so long been wilfully blind to the noble qualities of that generous youth! He has always met my injustice with the most admirable forbearance, and made every effort to conciliate my esteem! Oh, shame! shame!"

Again the eyes of Mr. Malden were suffused with tears of bitter self-reproach, and his countenance betrayed the strong emotions of his mind.

" The best of men," said the bishop with soothing kindness, " are liable to err, and your present feelings prove, dear sir, that Mr. Campbel knew the value of your good opinion; but few indeed like him will have the candor and understanding to appreciate its worth: nay I must be candid enough to say that unless you relax in that rigidity which, when carried to excess, defeats its

object, which has undeservedly raised you so many enemies, the excellence of your heart will never be truly felt. You have, in this instance, received demonstration that virtuous men may differ in opinion. I need not, I am sure, urge you to let all unpleasant recollections sleep: the oblivion of injuries is one of the highest duties of the Christian."

It is almost needless to inform the reader that Mr. Luke Malden, notwithstanding the intrigues of the reverend Mr. Welthorp and his patron, was appointed master of * * College, and that he made ample atonement for his past injustice to Campbel, who sincerely rejoiced in the fortunate success of his application.

Archibald, however, as it too frequently happens in such cases, made himself enemies by performing an act of virtue, which his modesty would have concealed, but which the overflowing gratitude of Mr. Malden made public. Augustus * * * in particular, conceived high offence at the step which Campbel had taken, and, though his father,

before he returned to his diocese, exhorted him to cultivate the friendship of the youth, he shunned all intercourse with him. Mr. Malden, warned by this salutary lesson, relaxed his severity, though not his zealous attention to the morals of the students; and exerting the superior talents he possessed with increased ardor, worthily attended to the duties of his new station.

CHAP. IX.

ARCHIBALD Campbel is destined to act so conspicuous a part in this history, and has already so far ingratiated himself in our favour, that another affair, in which he became—no—not a principal, but a mediator, must be related, and the letter her Bath friend sent to Eleonor must still wait. There can be little doubt but there are persons who will say this is all wrong: but what can be done? The following story must be told now, or never; therefore, the shortest way will be to submit to censure, and without more waste of time to proceed.

Just after Mr. Malden was appointed master of ** College, a young West-Indian, of good fortune, became a student in that house. Frederic Delmore, so the youth was called, was rather older than Campbel: he had promising talents and some application, joined to many other worthy qualities, but he had likewise all the pride and irrita-

bility peculiar to his countrymen. In many of his habits and opinions, he widely differed from Campbel; but, as the latter saw he possessed a good heart, he bore his frequent petulance and pride with good humor; though he attacked his prejudices, and never failed to warn him against the baneful consequences of indulging the angry passions.

Archibald, owing to his moral and intellectual superiority, and the forbearing kindness of his temper, acquired greater influence over the young West-Indian than his other fellow-students enjoyed. Delmore, however, was guilty of frequent injustice toward his friend, in moments of offended pride and ungoverned passion, to which Campbel generally opposed a calm but firm resistance.

Delmore, about eighteen months after he went to the university, returned with his family to the West-Indies, being recalled thither by the death of a distant relation, who left him co-heir to a large estate. A few weeks before his departure, he invited Campbel

during the long vacation, to make a tour, through the beautiful county of Devon, with himself and another friend. Archibald assented, and they accordingly set out on their journey. They first took the direct road to Exeter, where they proposed staying a fortnight, to oblige Melford, their fellow-traveller, who had an uncle in that city, to whose house he was invited.

Delmore and Campbel took up their abode at a hotel, and, being willing to amuse themselves with observing variety of character, dined and supped in public. Among the guests, who chiefly consisted of merchants, there was a youth, who in manners and education seemed to be superior to the rest; his family was respectable, but he was a younger son, and head clerk in a mercantile house in Exeter.

This youth happened to sit near Delmore and Campbel, frequently addressed them in conversation, and seemed desirous to form an acquaintance with the two friends, which overtures the West-Indian, who was very

tenacious of his dignity, coldly and somewhat haughtily declined. Archibald, on the contrary, being pleased with his countenance and manners, and having no false pride, took every opportunity to treat Eustace, that was the youth's name, with respect, conversed whenever they met, and found he had a good understanding, with principles apparently no less excellent.

This liberality gave secret dissatisfaction to Delmore, who at moments suffered the disapprobation he felt to escape him, though he knew, from experience, that his arrogant opinions could not influence the conduct of Campbel. Eustace, finding his friendly overtures repulsed, had too much proper spirit to intrude his conversation on the proud West-Indian, and they maintained a studied and mutual reserve, till wine threw the young clerk off his guard, and an unlucky moment of familiarity brought on a quarrel, which was productive of consequences the most serious.

The evening before the friends intended to quit Exeter, which happened to be of a Sunday, between the hours of seven and eight, Delmore was sitting in the coffee-room with Melford, Campbel being gone to take a solitary stroll; the other guests had dispersed, and the young men were engaged in conversation, when Eustace, who had not been there all day, reeled into the room unobserved by the friends. The clerk immediately drew near, and placed himself by the side of Delmore.

" Good evening, sir," said Eustace, addressing the West-Indian; " I am very happy to see you."

Delmore, ill pleased at this intrusion, coldly bowed, and then continued his discourse.

" I tell you, my fine fellow, I am very happy to see you," interrupted Eustace, slapping Delmore on the shoulder, " Does not that deserve a sociable answer?"

" Sir, I beg you will be familiar where

it is more agreeable," said the West-Indian, whose pride rose up in arms; "I am not accustomed to such liberties."

"Not accustomed to liberty in the land of freedom! Why, that is a downright libel against our king and country! But no matter; if you are not used to liberty, I will give you a lesson out of pure good nature."

Delmore, scarcely able to restrain his rising passions, bit his nails in contemptuous silence; and Melford, who began to suspect that Eustace was not perfectly sober, advised the youth in a whisper to go home.

"Excuse me, sir," said Eustace aloud, "I am no such unmannerly puppy: I know my company is agreeable to *you*, though this gentleman thinks proper to draw up his head, knit his brows, and affect the consequence of a nabob, when perhaps he is only a travelling clerk."

"Sir," answered Delmore, firing at so degrading a supposition,—"Sir, I must inform you I am a gentleman, and a West-

Indian, and I would not advise you to provoke me."

"Gentle or simple," retorted Eustace, "I am a better gentleman than yourself, for I can behave with civility to every man."

"Sir, I say, beware of provoking me, though you are my inferior."

"That is false," said Eustace, who now began to get angry; "and if you were ten West-Indians, and ten times more proud, I would maintain that I am a better gentleman than yourself."

An angry altercation now ensued, and Delmore conducted himself with such haughty contempt toward the youth, that Eustace, thrown entirely off his guard by this supercilious treatment, and the wine which had mounted into his head, struck the West-Indian, calling him a proud coxcomb. Delmore, though he would have thought a clerk unworthy to receive the honor of being shot through the head by a gentleman, knowing from report the family of Eustace to be respectable, and deeming

the insult he had received, notwithstanding the palpable inebriety of the young clerk, mortal, and only to be washed out in blood, gave the youth a challenge, and the latter agreed to meet him with pistols and a friend early on the following morning. Eustace then staggered out of the house, and Delmore was followed to his room by Melford. The latter, a good-intentioned but weak young man, who had not the courage to steer against the tide of popular prejudice, feebly opposed the resolution of Delmore. He would willingly have consented to be his second; but he was intended for the church, and resided at the house of his uncle, a dignified clergyman, from whom he had great expectations, and he dared not, being thus circumstanced, engage in such an affair. Delmore therefore impatiently waited the return of Campbel, whom he hoped he should persuade to be his second. He was well aware that Archibald was a professed enemy to the practice of duelling; but, as he was always

confident of his own success in whatever he undertook, he flattered himself that his eloquence would overpower the scruples of his friend.

About half an hour after the fray had happened, Melford, who was returning to sup with his uncle, met Campbel coming back to the hotel, and stopped to make the latter acquainted with what had passed during his absence. Archibald received the intelligence with anxiety; he not only was alarmed for the personal safety of Delmore, but felt serious concern for Eustace, for whose intoxication he was at a loss how to account, having remarked his rigid temperance at table with no less approbation than pleasure, and whose ruin, even should he escape unhurt, he knew, from hints that had casually dropped from the youth, must be inevitable, should he meet the West-Indian.

The master of Eustace, by whom the latter had hopes of being in a few years taken into partnership, was a very generous-

hearted worthy man; but he was a quaker, and a rigid sectary, who held duels and duellists in horror, and would certainly dismiss Eustace with disgrace from his hospitable roof, should that young man commit an act which he considered to be highly criminal.

Aware of these consequences, Campbel, before he returned to the hotel, went to the lodging of Eustace, that he might, if possible, persuade the youth to accept of his mediation with Delmore. Fortunately, the young man was at home, and admitted Archibald, who found him completely sobered, by the excruciating reflections which forced themselves on his mind. Though sensible he had been the first and the deepest aggressor, and well aware that a duel would involve him in ruin, Eustace could with difficulty brook the humiliation of offering an apology to a man by whose haughty contumely he had been severely stung, and who most probably would reject his conciliatory overtures; but Campbel exerted

all the energy of benevolence, and, after a short conflict between mistaken honor and duty, the young clerk yielded to his earnest entreaties.

" I feel," said he, " that I was a rash fool! I should despise myself, were I addicted to the vice of drinking; but I was obliged to dine with a party of gentlemen, who pushed the bottle with despotic authority. In despite of my resistance, I was forced to drink more freely than I liked; my head is weak, and my spirits were high. When the party broke up, I went to your hotel, where I found your friend with another gentleman; I cannot remember all that passed, I only have a confused recollection that my conduct was that of a madman, and that I struck Mr. Delmore: if he will accept a manly apology I am ready to acknowledge the impropriety of my behaviour: if he reject it I must give the sanguinary satisfaction he demands, for I cannot stoop to indignity, though by my folly perhaps it may be justly deserved."

" I will pledge my word," eagerly interrupted Campbel, " that indignity shall not be offered. Delmore is proud and irritable, but he has a good heart; if he accept your conciliatory offers, which I think I may venture to promise he will, be assured you will have no cause to repent of your concession."

CHAP. X.

CAMPBEL, having gained his point, left Eustace, fearing the prejudices and proud irascibility of Delmore would be difficult to conquer, but trusting greatly to the goodness of his heart, and determined that no personal consideration should make him swerve from his duty; which was to prevent, if possible, the duel from taking place, and to save a worthy young man from ruin, or his friend, perhaps, from a premature grave.

With these laudable resolutions he returned to the hotel, and immediately sought Delmore, whom he found alone, and who, without giving him time to make his pacific overtures, informed Campbel of what had passed with angry exaggeration, and, after expressing implicit reliance on his friendship, requested Archibald to be his second.

" Delmore," said Campbel, " I am no friend to duelling; it is a practice I abhor; it is forbidden by the laws of God and man;

besides, even according to the prejudices of what is called honor, it is in this case unnecessary. I have seen the young man, and he is willing to make an apology."

"I can accept of no apology; I have been grossly insulted, nay, have received a blow, and I will have satisfaction."

"Delmore, listen, I conjure you, to the simple facts I have to relate."

"I will listen to nothing. I see you have been made the dupe of some artful tale of distress, and I have long remarked your partiality to this insolent clerk; but my determination is fixed."

"So is mine, Delmore."

"Then you will not oblige your friend?"

"With heart and soul, in a worthy cause; but I will not aid to promote a sanguinary practice, involve a poor youth in ruin, and bring wretchedness on the innocent."

"These may be very exalted sentiments, but I make no such lofty pretensions to virtue. I would serve my friend, right or

wrong, at the peril of my life. Since you refuse me, I shall go alone; but here all intimacy between us must end, Mr. Campbel."

Thus speaking, Delmore walked toward the door, angry and agitated.

"Stay, Delmore," remonstrated Campbel, still preserving his temper. "As your sincere friend, I seriously warn you against the guilt into which you would blindly plunge."

"Guilt, Mr. Campbel! It is fortunate I have been your friend; but have a care! do not try my forbearance too far!"

"Do you beware of yourself, Delmore! Your passions, if indulged, will hurry you into frantic and dangerous acts,—will leave you a prey to agonizing remorse! You seek the life of a young man, who is desirous to atone for his temporary forgetfulness, who was not the master of his actions when he struck the blow, and who is an useful and respectable member of society! You would bring desolation into

families, nay, endanger your own life, and wantonly brave the divine wrath, to gratify the odious passion of revenge!"

"Mr. Campbel, this is language to which I will not submit."

"It is the language of sincere friendship. Delmore, you stand on the brink of a precipice! Shall I see you fall, and drag down the innocent, rather than brave temporary injustice? No! Were I even to lose your esteem, I would leave no effort untried to awaken you to a sense of your danger."

"All this sounds very fine, and no doubt would be admirable in a pulpit; but I beg leave to remind you, Mr. Campbel, I am a West-Indian, who would rather die than brook indignity."

"And have you never inflicted it, Delmore? Put that question conscientiously to yourself, answer with the honesty of a man, and then decide whether you ought to be implacable."

Delmore coloured, and, conscience-struck, remained silent.

" Your countenance," continued Campbel, " does honor to your heart; it makes a manly confession. Rise superior to false pride, conquer your passions, and do not persist in fatal error!"

Delmore, moved and partly convinced, but still under the influence of haughty indignation, continued silent, irresolute, and ashamed. Campbel, having so far gained his point, made a forcible appeal to the filial piety of his friend.

" Delmore," said Archibald, approaching the West-Indian, who no longer repelled his advances, " I have heard you express all the piety of a good son! You are the only child of your idolizing parents! In you they centre every joy, every anxious hope! Would you, setting every other consideration apart, wantonly incur the risk of bringing misery, nay, perhaps premature death, on those honored parents? If you should meet Eustace, and fall, who would cherish their declining age, and smooth the thorny pillow of disease? Would you ab-

jure duties both human and divine, which you have hitherto held sacred? Would you entail misery on all who love you? Not because, should you follow the dictates of humanity, you must incur the world's contempt; not because you have sustained real injury, which, even under the present circumstances, could not justify your persisting in relentless revenge—No! It is because your dignity has received, as you suppose, a mortal wound. Delmore, I know you better than you know yourself; should you suffer temporary passion to overpower your better feelings, should you become a homicide, or involve a worthy youth in ruin, you could never again be at peace with your own heart! Be not then inexorable! Conquer feelings unworthy of a Christian! Receive the apology of Eustace, and let me feel increased respect for my friend!"

Delmore, though a proud, hot-headed young man, was capable of generous feelings. Though he did not always practise,

he zealously revered the divine morality taught by the Scriptures; he was, beside, an affectionate son: his filial piety was awakened, his religious scruples roused, and his pride soothed, though his prejudices in favor of duelling were too rooted to be easily eradicated.

Conscious of the wrong he had done Campbel, in doubting his friendship, he held out his hand, in token of reconciliation. "Campbel," said he, "I feel I have been guilty of culpable injustice toward you, but I will make atonement: duelling is, and ever will be, in my opinion, a necessary check upon encroaching insolence. I hope I am a Christian, but I confess I have not that Christian patience which will make a martyr. Duelling is the only redress a gentleman has against personal insult: since, however, the young man is willing to make an apology, and you tell me, if I insist on his keeping the appointment, it will be his ruin, I shall, against my judgment I must own, overlook the extreme provocation I have received.

No man but yourself could have induced me to give up the highest prerogative of a gentleman. I am not, however, sorry that the affair has taken this turn; it might in the end, as you allege, have given my family and myself more pain than I was at first willing to suppose."

Archibald did not attempt further to argue with Delmore, on prejudices which were rooted, and which, if again attacked, might only irritate and produce fatal mischief. He expressed warm approbation at his compliance, endeavoured to bring his mind into a soothing tone, roused his generosity by describing the self-indignation yet gallant spirit of the young clerk, taking care to remind the West-Indian, that, by birth, Eustace was a gentleman, and then hastened to the lodgings of the youth.

CHAP. XI.

It was near ten o'clock when Campbel reached the lodgings of Eustace; he there found an elderly quaker, whom he immediately guessed to be the master of the youth. His conjecture was right; it was Mr. Job Gilson, whom business had brought thither just before.

The quaker, who had a considerable share of penetration, had remarked the embarrassment his unexpected appearance excited, as well as the internal agitation which the countenance of Eustace betrayed. Gilson, as already has been said, was a worthy man, but rigid in his principles and temper: before Archibald entered the room, he had severely questioned the youth, with whose veracity he was well acquainted, and had just learned that, in a state of inebriety, he had struck a gentleman, and received a challenge. His displeasure was extreme, and his determination

fixed to part with Eustace, should the latter meet Delmore.

At seeing the quaker, Campbel was alarmed; but, immediately recovering his presence of mind, he bowed, and in a collected tone asked Eustace if he did not intend to sup at the hotel?

Gilson, who had observed the momentary embarrassment of Archibald, notwithstanding his calm manner, was persuaded he was the person who had challenged Eustace: eyeing him therefore with stern gravity, he said—"And who art thou, friend?"

"My name is Campbel, sir."

"Verily, thy name soundeth fair; but thy deeds, friend, I fear, are unchristian."

Campbel, astonished, and partly suspecting the mistake, yet fearful of doing unintentional injury to the youth he wished to serve, remained silent.

"This gentleman, sir," pleaded Eustace eagerly, "is not the person you suppose; he is—"

"Put a seal on thy lips, unrighteous

youth," interrupted the quaker with stern gravity, "thou hast strayed from the paths of grace, and thy word bringeth not weight."

"I perceive, sir, here is some mistake," said Campbel.

"Yea, verily; there is wilful and sinful mistake; so I advise thee, friend, to depart in peace."

"Allow me, sir, to state the simple fact; I came here—"

"Verily, friend," interrupted the positive quaker, who, when he conceived himself to be in the right, was very eager, I say unto thee, depart in peace! Thou art a man of blood, but, if the workings of Satan be not too mighty for the Spirit, thy hopes shall be as vain as they are unrighteous."

"My dear sir," remonstrated Campbel, half vexed and half amused by the obstinacy of the good quaker, "on my honor, you mistake both my intentions and my character."

"Friend, thy worldly honour is a quicksand, wherein Christian faith and charity are

lost! It stampeth not conviction on the righteous. This youth hath grievously sinned against himself and thee, but, in seeking to take his life, thou wadest more deep in shame. Let him be humbled in the eyes of men, let him taste the bitter fruits of folly and transgression, but let him live to repent and make atonement."

"That he is eager to do," said Campbel, "and it is accepted."

The solemn visage of the quaker, at this unexpected denouement, brightened almost into good humor; and Eustace, shaking Campbel by the hand, exclaimed with fervent energy—"Oh, sir, how shall I express my gratitude?"

"Thy contrition, thou shouldst say, unrighteous youth," interrupted Job Gilson, in a milder tone of voice. "Verily, friend," continued the quaker, addressing himself to Campbel, "it grieveth me that I sinned against Christian charity, and cast upon thee, unprovoked, the upbraidings of an imbittered spirit, yea, and waxed wrath,

taking up a scourge wherewith to strike myself."

"No apology is necessary, sir," replied Campbel, with good-humored cordiality; "but it was not I that challenged Mr. Eustace, as you seem to suppose; it was a friend of mine, who, being now convinced he did not give premeditated offence, is willing to accept his apology."

"Yes, sir, it is to Mr. Campbel's generous mediation," said Eustace, addressing the quaker, "that I am indebted perhaps for life, and, what is more precious still, the continuance of your esteem!"

"Nay, do not annex such importance to a simple act of duty! I hold the practice of duelling in horror, and, independent of personal friendship, would take every means to check its pestilential progress."

"Friend, thy words bring consolation, and thy work is that of a Christian! Verily, thou art read deep in the book of wisdom! May this charitable deed weigh heavy in the balance of thy good and evil works! And

mayst thou," continued the worthy quaker, addressing himself to Eustace, "like unto the repentant prodigal, take shame unto thyself, and, being absolved by an indulgent Master, walk henceforth erect in the ways of righteousness. Go, humble thyself in the eyes of men, and thou shalt be exalted! Friend Campbel, verily I say unto thee, thou treadest the paths of wisdom! Be not led astray by the allurements of worldly vanities, and thou shalt attain the crown of immortal glory!"

With this speech, which was delivered with all the solemn formality of his sect, Job Gilson, somewhat better reconciled to his clerk, left the young men, who immediately repaired to the hotel.

Eustace, without stooping to servile meanness, in the presence of Campbel and Melford, made a proper apology for his conduct; and Delmore, greatly softened by the generous exertions of Archibald, and having a latent conscientiousness that he had himself been somewhat to blame in the affair, re-

ceived the young man in a manner which did honor to his heart.

Eustace parted from Campbel with fervent gratitude and esteem; he redoubled his zeal and application, resolutely shunned the society of bottle companions, and, after receiving many solemn lectures and pious exhortations from the rigid but worthy quaker, at length succeeded in completely regaining the confidence of his master.

On the following morning the friends, in company with Melford, quitted Exeter, and proceeded on their tour. After spending another fortnight in social and rural pleasures, they made a pleasant circuit to London. Campbel there took leave of Delmore, and returned to college, and the West-Indian almost immediately went with his family to Portsmouth, from whence they sailed for Jamaica.

CHAP. XII.

How far the reader may willingly accept the foregoing anecdotes of Campbel, as a proper compensation for delay, must be left to his judgment; it is however hoped he is so far acquainted with a gentleman, for whom the historian ventures to profess he entertains a very high esteem, as to wish to hear what afterward befell him, which in the due course of events will most probably be related.

From what has been said in favor of Campbel, the reader is requested not so far to mistake as to suppose he, Campbel, is in greater favor with us than even the lovely Eleonor. That is by no means the case: she has failings, it is true; who, alas! has not? but her virtues and her charms so far preponderate,—the music of her voice, the mild vivacity of her eye, and the candor of her benevolent heart, are so enchanting,—that to find her equal would be no easy task; nor are we willing to allow even Campbel, highly

as we think of him, and dearly as we love him, to be her superior. This, however, is a delicate point, on which each will decide for himself.

So once again we are in Broad-street, in company with sweet Eleonor, the second day after she had written to Bath, who, her spirits at this moment being too much flurried for any more serious task, employs herself in nothing. How quick her fingers go! Every five minutes her watch is out, to know when the postman's accustomed hour will come. Child of flowing affection, be still! it yet wants several minutes of the time, and just enough to say a few words concerning the Honorable Mrs. Altamont, and her charming niece, Lady Clarissa Follington, of whose friendship the innocent Eleonor had received a *thousand* proofs in less than *one* month.

The Honorable Mrs. Altamont was a woman of high fashion and breeding; her manners were affable, her understanding was good, and her heart kind; but she had a

rigid sense of etiquette with all the pride of noble birth, and highly disapproved the equality which fortune is now allowed to share with rank. Though her fear of infringing the rules of good breeding, to which she had through life been rigidly devoted, and the natural kindness of her heart, made her extremely cautious in giving pain, to those even whom she deemed her inferiors, she had studiously avoided a familiar intercourse with such persons; and, whenever she perceived symptoms of encroaching intimacy, she had taken care to check its progress, by dropping the connexion; but, if her prejudices were violently offended, and she deemed those who gave that offence worthy of so great a sacrifice, a conscientious sense of duty, mingled with real benevolence, made her break through the strict rules she had prescribed to herself, and frankly state her sentiments.

Her niece, Lady Clarissa, who was in her one-and-twentieth year, though not without pride, was uncommonly vain, had an un-

bounded thirst of admiration, and, with a quickness of understanding, a ready flow of wit; but her tongue was satirical, her temper was fickle; and, owing to the extreme indulgence of a weak father, who suffered her to follow every new whim, and exercise a despotic dominion over himself and every creature in the house, (though, when pleased, nobody could be more agreeable,) if her vanity took the slightest alarm, or any favorite wish were counteracted, her ill humor was not the least restrained by good breeding. By her aunt, however, with whom she occasionally staid on a visit, she was held in some kind of awe.

In addition to the qualities before mentioned, she had what young ladies call, or rather *miscall*, a love of *innocent* mischief; that is, she humored the follies of her acquaintance, whenever they contributed to her amusement, afterward to turn them into ridicule. Of friendship her heart was incapable, though she constantly practised its mimicry, and persuaded herself that she felt

all she so volubly expressed. We shall presently see in what estimation the amiable Eleonor was held by these two ladies.

About a week after the conversation, in which her kind uncle put those distressing doubts concerning her eternal friend, as Eleonor was sitting in the parlor at work, a postman's rap was heard.

"This is a letter for me, no doubt," exclaimed the warm-hearted girl, starting from her seat, and clasping her hands with delight; "and it must be from the amiable Clarissa! Kind good creature, to write so soon, overwhelmed as she is with engagements!"

Eleonor was not deceived in her expectations of a letter; but it came not from the amiable Clarissa. Eagerly breaking it open, to her great surprise Eleonor found her own letter enclosed. "This is very strange," said she: "I suppose my dear Clarissa has suddenly quitted Bath without her aunt, and that Mrs. Altamont has kindly answered my letter. Yet, why enclose it?"

Eager to satisfy her curiosity, Eleonor

put her own letter into her work-bag, and read or rather devoured the contents of the other. Just as she had finished, Mr. Fairfax and his lady entered the room.

"Well, Eleonor," said the uncle, "I suppose you have received a letter from your friend, and are quite happy."

"I have received one from the aunt of Lady Clarissa Follington," replied Eleonor, blushing deeply, and expressing something like strong indignation.

"Heyday, Eleonor! Is your *dear affectionate Clarissa* changed to *Lady Clarissa Follington?*" said Mr. Fairfax, imitating the tone in which she had spoken of her fashionable friend. "You blush too, and look disturbed!"

Eleonor, whose heart was too full almost for utterance, cast her eyes on the ground in silence.

"I doubt you have found my fears prophetic, dear Eleonor," continued the good uncle, kindly taking her hand. "Tell us, my love, what is the matter?"

Eleonor, bursting into tears, gave the letter of Mrs. Altamont to her uncle, and that gentleman read as follows :—

" My dear Miss Fairfax,

" You will no doubt be surprised at receiving a letter from me, when it was from my niece you expected an answer. As I would not for a moment appear intrusive, which neither my age nor even my rank in life could authorize, I must solicit your indulgence, and be explicit.

" I should not have trespassed on your attention, had not the very extraordinary epistle with which you have favored my niece compelled me, much against my inclination, to the painful task of undeceiving you as to the erroneous, and, allow me to say, strange notions you have formed, respecting your slight acquaintance with Lady Clarissa and myself.

" Permit me, my dear Miss Fairfax, as your sincere well-wisher, to remark, that, notwithstanding you possess a good under-

standing and great sensibility, you have still to acquire that nice discrimination, which will not permit us to mistake or overlook the feelings of the persons around us, and that you suffer romantic enthusiasm to completely blind your better judgment.

" You accidentally became acquainted with Lady Clarissa in a city where permanent connexions are rarely formed, owing to the different pursuits and conditions of those who are promiscuously brought together by the love of pleasure, or in search of better health.

" Though such transitory connexions had never my approbation, as you were remarkably attentive and polite to my niece, good breeding required she should return the civilities she received; but it was far from my supposition that this would lead to familiarity, to which, it must be owned, though it is now more or less tolerated between persons of different ranks in society, I had been little accustomed, and decidedly disapproved. As, however, you were going

soon to leave Bath, and as nothing is more painful to well-bred persons than to risk wounding the feelings of others, especially when they possess qualities, which, if blended with good sense, would make them no less envied than admired, I forbore, I now fear wrongly, to express the surprise, and allow me to say the pain, which this familiarity excited; though my reserve, and the opinion you have occasionally heard me express, relative to the proper distinctions which ought to be maintained in society, I hoped would suggest the truth. Forgive me, however, for observing, you must have been utterly ignorant of the world, when you mistook the common routine of courtesy, and the unmeaning professions of a flighty girl of fashion, for the effusions of esteem and affection. The mistake would have been unpardonable in a young lady less bewildered in the regions of Romance.

"I was not a little surprised, after the gentle attempts I made to undeceive you,

when my niece informed me, that, on taking leave, you had solicited a correspondence, and pressed her to visit you at your uncle's house in London! Had I been present, painful as the task would have been, I should not have suffered you to continue under a mistake, which was becoming serious; but my niece, who has no mother to direct her judgment, and from her infancy has been spoiled by a too-indulgent father, has little sense of propriety, when her own gratification is in question. Still, however, unwilling to mortify a young lady, whose singularities rather excited pity than anger, I forbore to take any notice of a request, which, after the gentle hints I had given, appeared to me extraordinary; hoping that your natural good sense would, on reflection, spare me so ungrateful a task. When, however, Clarissa received your still more extraordinary epistle, in which you not only overlooked all form of etiquette toward herself, and, pardon my frankness, indulged

in the most extravagant romance, but spoke of me in terms of familiarity, which neither my rank nor our slight acquaintance could authorize, this step became absolutely necessary.

" I have, I believe, convinced Lady Clarissa of the impropriety of her own conduct, in suffering you to suppose she partook of that romantic enthusiasm, which, behind your back, she was the first to satirize. I am sorry that candor obliges me to acknowledge any thing to the disadvantage of so near a relation, and of a young lady now under my care; but I must own the levity of my niece is highly unbecoming her birth and education. She now, however, agrees with me that I ought at once to rectify the unfortunate mistake, to which your own romantic ardor, and her voluble professions, have given birth. Excuse me, therefore, my dear Miss Fairfax, if, in her name, I express sincere concern that such a mistake should have arisen, and, with every acknowledgment for

your polite attentions, decline the honor of a future correspondence.

" As your sincere well-wisher, I enclose the letter with which you favored my niece. Let me prevail on you, my dear Miss Fairfax, to read it again. I am sure, if you will determine to exert that understanding, which, though bewildered by a romantic imagination, you really possess, you will feel sorry for having so committed yourself to a stranger, who, had not her aunt awakened her to some sense of moral rectitude, would not only have suffered you to continue in an error so injurious to good sense, but, while she encouraged your extravagance, have amused every fashionable circle in Bath at your expense.

" Hoping the pain I so reluctantly inflict will contribute to your future advantage, and guard you hereafter against yielding to romantic enthusiasm, yet scarcely daring to expect you will forgive the liberty I have taken, which nothing but the interest your

amiable qualities excite could have induced me to take, I remain,

" My dear Miss Fairfax,
" Your sincere well-wisher,
" And very obedient
" Humble servant,
" CAROLINE ALTAMONT."

" *P. S.*—My niece will soon again be under the care of the Earl, her father, and my influence over her conduct will be entirely lost. Let me advise you, my dear Miss Fairfax, should Lady Clarissa ever seek to renew the acquaintance, which, if the whim take her, she is very capable of doing, not to believe the excuses and voluble professions she may think proper to make; for I again must repeat, that, whenever her own gratification is in question, she has little sense of propriety."

" The lady who wrote this letter, my dear Eleonor," said Mr. Fairfax, returning it, " is certainly your well-wisher; and,

though she has been somewhat guilty of extravagance, in attaching so much importance to the forms of etiquette, and those distinctions which are daily wearing away, the letter upon the whole is written with good sense, and displays real kindness of heart, and rectitude of mind. I would have you, my dear, seriously reflect on the excellent advice it contains, and impartially examine whether you have not been somewhat to blame in the affair. As to her niece, she does not merit a moment's regret."

"Oh, dear uncle, you do not know her! Notwithstanding the cruel treatment I have received from Clarissa, I can scarcely persuade myself but that she is innocent!"

"The conduct of Lady Clarissa certainly does not give one a favorable opinion of her heart," said Mrs. Fairfax.

"No," replied her husband; "but much allowance is to be made for a young lady, whose actions have not been placed under judicious control."

"I shall never love any other female

friend as I have loved her! I am sure, I can never forget her!"

"You deceive yourself, Eleonor; your heart is affectionate, but your spirits are youthful and light. Supposing, even, this young lady had possessed real claims to your esteem and regret, you must, in the very nature of things, be happy, should an opportunity offer, to sooth your wounded feelings, and replace her loss. But let me conjure you, my dear child, in future, to be less enthusiastic in your attachments, and, before you form any intimacy with strangers, to consult the judgment of your more experienced friends. Above all things, be on your guard against renewing an intercourse from which you can receive no benefit, and which has inflicted pain so severe."

"Oh, be under no apprehension, my dear uncle," eagerly interrupted Eleonor; "though I still love her, and should be delighted to find she has been calumniated, the formal prohibition which Mrs. Altamont has given would prevent me a second time

from exposing myself to receive such a letter."

"I hope it would, my love," said Mr. Fairfax; "but, though I have the highest opinion of your heart, and know that your understanding is excellent, I doubt your prudence, and fear that the romantic enthusiasm and yielding sweetness of your temper would banish all recollection of consequences, should you again meet with Lady Clarissa, who, from all you have told us, and what her aunt has said, is exactly the kind of person to take an unfair advantage of them. On this occasion, and on every other, recollect, dear Eleonor," continued the kind uncle, "that rashness in either sex is dangerous, but more especially to women, whose inexperience and easiness of belief place them too much in the power of the artful and designing. A young lady of fortune is peculiarly exposed to the snares of the selfish and unprincipled; she, therefore, should be more than commonly guarded in her actions, and prudent in the con-

nexions she may form. You think me, perhaps, a dull preacher, my love; but your happiness is not only inexpressibly dear to us, but is a pledge which we must ever hold sacred. How to secure that happiness is our most anxious care: should we fail, our own would receive an incurable wound!"

"Yes, dear Eleonor," said Mrs. Fairfax, "your disposition is so frank and engaging, your heart so affectionate, and your temper so amiable, that, independent of the claim your near relationship to my husband gives you to my regard, I have a warm affection for you, and sympathize in your uncle's anxious solicitude. Look on us as your adopted parents, and be assured that we will conscientiously fulfil a parent's tender duties!"

"Oh, my honored uncle, my dear aunt, how gratefully my heart pays you a child's love and respect," exclaimed Eleonor, throwing herself in the arms of her excellent relations. "In your tenderness and judgment

I place implicit confidence! May I ever be worthy of your indulgent cares! May I never give you a moment's pain!"

"Dear enthusiastic girl! If you occasion us momentary pain, it will be amply atoned by the affectionate gratitude of your disposition! I only fear lest your unsuspecting heart should fall a prey to designing selfishness; lest your pure affections should be insnared by specious and insinuating art! Grant, oh Heaven, we may be spared affliction so great! Oh, grant we may see the child of our adoption united to one who can appreciate her worth, guide her inexperience, and by his virtues dignify the social pleasures of life!"

Mr. Fairfax, greatly affected by hopes and fears that crowded impetuously to his mind, wiped away the starting tear, and retired to his own room. Eleonor, no less affected by what had passed, wept on the bosom of her kind aunt, who spared no effort to sooth and calm her agitated spirits;

and she received these affectionate attentions with glowing gratitude: but her feelings had been severely wounded, and it was some time before her mind could recover its wonted serenity.

CHAP. XIII.

If the reader will please to recollect the discourse that passed between Leoline Hargrave and Archibald Campbel, it will lead him further to remember the virtuous resolution the latter made to perform a painful duty; which was to take every opportunity of reminding Miss Fairfax that her best friends thought her enthusiasm not only too great, but, in no inconsiderable degree, dangerous. His attention was thoroughly roused: the strong terms in which Eleonor expressed her own friendship for, and her implicit faith in, the friendship of Lady Clarissa, with the doubts and the warning of Mr. Fairfax, dwelt in his memory, and excited his inquiries concerning the letter, that was to remove all doubts.

In one point, and perhaps in more than one, the conduct of Eleonor but little resembled that of ladies in general: whenever she found she had unexpectedly fallen into an error, she scorned disguise, and the prac-

tice of every art by which her mistakes might be concealed. In the presence of Campbel, she uttered the anguish of her heart at the letter of Mrs. Altamont, and blamed herself for her too-easy credulity. This blame, however, was always accompanied by expressions of hope, amounting almost to conviction, that Lady Clarissa could not but partake of that friendship which was still, and must ever remain, so deeply engraven in her own heart. There was sympathy between them; it could not be otherwise.

Time rolled on; the vacancy of friendship was painful; and no one will be surprised to be informed that Mrs. Grafton, whose behaviour and conversation had gained her no small degree of favor in the family of Fairfax, should take frequent opportunities of being in the company of Eleonor; or that she should have gained a very considerable degree of influence over a heart so circumstanced, and so unsuspecting. One morning, when she just dropped in to

inquire after the health of her "sweet young friend," they had fallen into agreeable chat. It so happened that Campbel entered, and, though it was in the common sitting-room, he was immediately going to withdraw; but the well-bred and engaging Mrs. Grafton insisted he should come in, to which Eleonor added, with a smile, "Ay, ay, pray do;" and, as he had been seeking an opportunity to be with her when only a single friend might be present, he was glad of the invitation, and obeyed.

Though he had not yet found a proper time to give Eleonor those serious hints, which he had resolved to suggest, he had more than once ventured to express very decided doubts of the friendship, and even the friendly intentions, of Lady Clarissa. I know not when it happened that the heart of Eleonor indulged resentment, or her lips betrayed ill humor; but the disapprobation of Campbel never escaped unnoticed, and the gentle Eleonor began to suspect, with some little pain, she was not one of his favorites.

I could have wished she had not fallen into this error, for it led to other mistakes and afflictions, which it will give me no pleasure to relate.

After a few trifling inquiries and remarks, such as generally introduce better conversation, Mrs. Grafton, no less artfully for promoting her own plan than opportunely for Archibald, as he supposed, thus began the following dialogue:—

"So, my dear Miss Fairfax tells me, Mr. Campbel, you do not think very highly of her friend Lady Clarissa."

"I am unacquainted with the lady," answered Campbel, "and therefore dare not venture to form any opinion of her, except that which has been given me by Miss Fairfax."

"Nay, Mr. Campbel," replied Eleonor, "you will surely allow I have expressed very different sentiments from those you seem to entertain: her aunt, I am thoroughly persuaded, and only her aunt, is to blame."

" You condescended," said Campbel, " to let me see her aunt's letter."

" Well," interrupted Mrs. Grafton, " what stronger proof can you require? I should think that was quite sufficient."

" It is quite sufficient, madam," replied Campbel, " in my opinion, to shew that, though some of the ideas of Mrs. Altamont may be a little erroneous, there is much more of sound sense in them, and that they are under the guidance of great rectitude of heart."

" Oh," exclaimed Eleonor, " far be it from me to deny the rectitude of her heart."

" No, no; only permit us to doubt the soundness of her understanding," continued Mrs. Grafton; but, feeling the weakness of that pretended doubt, added, " or, supposing it as sound as you please, how does that disprove the friendship of Lady Clarissa?"

" Miss Fairfax," replied Campbel, " expresses her conviction of the rectitude of Mrs. Altamont: has she not honestly given you the character of her niece? and can we

suppose she would assert dangerous and injurious falsehoods?"

"The visual rays of morality are differently coloured in different minds," said Mrs. Grafton, "and she does but paint as she sees."

"Yes, indeed," added Eleonor, "I must say her pencil is very broad. I am sure she cannot have given the true features of Lady Clarissa, for she has made them almost—I was going to bring out the terrible word *hideous!*"

"Mrs. Altamont," replied Campbel, "I plainly perceive, is no favorite with you, ladies. I have reason, perhaps, to fear you will think me a bigot to my opinions, if not rude, for so openly declaring them; but, whenever moral character is canvassed, I have been taught to consider it as a serious duty never to be silent, if my thoughts are favorable. I own, the letter of Mrs. Altamont has impressed me with a strong conviction that she is a lady of great discern-

ment, who is acted upon by intentions no less pure than they are firm."

Mrs. Grafton, with a gracious smile, answered, "We must not hope to make a convert of you, Mr. Campbel; but, pray be kind and just enough to us to remember we have neither of us said one word against Mrs. Altamont: we have only supposed that she does not see correctly, while she supposes she is giving a true portrait of her niece."

"That certainly is all that either of us can mean," added Eleonor.

Campbel rose, and, with a countenance as serious as countenance could be, that wore the smile of kindness upon it, addressing himself to Eleonor, said, "My dear Miss Fairfax, it is seldom indeed that I am so unfortunate as to differ in opinion with you; but, pardon my frankness, there is one question on which, though the difference at first appears to be but slight, follow it far enough, and it becomes essential. Instead of blaming the enthusiasm of friendship, I am

persuaded it is a virtue that is always found to be the strongest in the purest hearts; but friendship is not a hot-house plant; like the forest oak, it is solid, but slow of growth, and, when it is mature, majestic. The facility which induces us to believe that all, who make great professions, mean every thing they profess, denotes an innocent and a benevolent mind, but often leads to fatal mistakes; it springs from an excess of virtue, but is as pernicious in its effects as though it were the very reverse."

The voice and manner of Campbel, while he delivered the admonition that meant so much, were as emphatical as the kindness which dictated his words would admit, and, having ended, he respectfully bowed, and withdrew.

Mrs. Grafton was peculiarly careful not to lose that favorable opportunity for forwarding her own designs which the scene afforded; she was a great actress, therefore in perfect possession of her part. "Mr. Campbel," said she, "quite surprises one!

he is so clear-sighted! so remarkably sincere! and his heart is so good!"

"There cannot be a better," answered Eleonor.

"Oh, impossible! He is thought so by the most discerning and best-meaning people. I know no young gentleman who can be at all compared to him—except one—and very likely I am partial; Leoline. I suppose it is sisterly affection. To be sure, he has one trifling fault, that sometimes makes him appear, to those who don't know him, very different indeed from what he really is; he never stays to recollect himself before he speaks, especially if there be any thing whimsical in the thought. You cannot imagine the pain he felt when he found (I mean on the day you came from Bath) that what he had meant merely as a sportive sally was understood seriously. Talking over the matter with me on the morrow, he absolutely shuddered when I informed him I was really apprehensive you had supposed he had seriously entertained so horrid a

wish. He has a very great respect for your opinion: "No," said he, "I cannot believe the innocent heart of Miss Fairfax could accuse me of being unprincipled, and inhumanly wicked. She could not think me such a wretch! That any person, whose esteem I value, should have been led, by my own thoughtless folly, into a mistake so humiliating, would have given me great pain; but that Miss Fairfax—! I assure you, I was under some apprehension, he so changed colour, and his look expressed so much more than his words. I endeavored to sooth, and promised to explain the matter to you, but all I have yet been able to say has not set his mind at ease on the subject."

"Oh, he surely cannot pay any serious regard to the opinion of so young a creature as I am."

"Not regard your opinion!——Ah, Eleonor, my sweet young friend!—But I will be silent; the overflowings of the heart might be misinterpreted."

"Shall I think injuriously of you be-

cause you think too kindly of me? No, dear madam," said the generous Eleonor, catching the hand of Mrs. Grafton, and pressing it to her lips, "I am not that monster."

"You are an angel! Well may your aunt and uncle adore you! You do not know, dear Eleonor, the pleasure with which I enter this house! Your aunt and uncle are such uncommonly worthy people! there are none like them! And you——! Oh that I had been Lady Clarissa! I must run away from you; I shall grow foolish. Then Mr. Campbel! Oh that all young gentlemen were like him! Mr. Fairfax has most honorably discharged the duty of a guardian; you are not yourself, perhaps, fully acquainted with the whole extent of Mr. Campbel's virtuous system."

"No, indeed; and I should doubt if any body is, except himself."

"That is very true: however, while your uncle and he were conversing the other morning, he declared himself very openly on one point: he does not mean, he says,

to live and die a bachelor; yet his taste in a wife is—is—so singular, that certainly I cannot tell where he will find one. She must be all perfection!"

"So indeed I should have supposed," interrupted Eleonor, smiling.

"Oh, his determination, he says, is never to venture on a wife, till he has a thorough conviction that her opinions, principles, and conduct, so entirely coincide with his own, as to all but secure their mutual happiness."

"Well, and don't you approve this resolution?"

"Most certainly I do, my dear! the only difficulty will be to find the lady; for, though nobody can object to the principles, character, or conduct, of so excellent a young gentleman, yet I have thought some of his opinions now and then a little singular; and, though both his temper and heart are so good, they are rather frequently bordering on the severe. You must know, except on that point, I find a great resemblance between him and Leoline. Apropos—

pray have you ever been acquainted with the young widow Dacres?"

"I never heard her name before."

"She is very beautiful, and has a large fortune left her in the three per cents. Between ourselves, Leoline met her somewhere in the north, during the long vacation: they danced together: every other couple in the room was eclipsed. Leoline, I believe, took her fancy: it is not above a week ago since I thought they were going to make a match of it; but, on Friday morning, I hinted the matter to Leoline, and was quite surprised at the serious tone with which he begged *I would never mention the subject more!* Soon after, he gave a deep sigh, and looked so grave—I am afraid he has some new crotchet in his head! I suppose you did not see the Edinburgh paper? In the account it gave of the ball, the widow Dacres and Leoline were particularly mentioned, and he was declared to be the handsomest youth in Britain: but he has often been so called. His dancing, they said, was inimita-

ble. I was silly enough to believe every word. If I were single, and he any thing but my brother, I should— Dear, how strangely I run on! I open my whole heart to my sweet young friend, for I know she listens patiently to my prattle, and will forgive its little mistakes."

Eleonor fell on her neck, and kissed her.

"Dear affectionate girl! Oh, that I was Lady Clarissa!—Did you observe the very emphatical manner in which Mr. Campbel described the essential and total difference between your opinions and his on friendship, and how immediately he left the room? He would hear no answer. I know the whole world will declare him right; yet I find, on this subject, all appeal to reason is vain: I cannot shut my heart, or my arms, on the sweet enthusiast that would fall into them. I acknowledge Mr. Campbel's superiority: his resolution to adhere to his principles and opinions is delighful; but, do you know, I am persuaded it must be just such an excellent and gentlemanly youth as

himself not to make the—the—what I should almost call the rigor of his system, repulsive. Dear, what a while I stay! I am quite in a gossiping vein! However, I have precaution enough to say but little, when I am among people of trifling or weak minds: my thoughts only flow when my heart feels itself secure. Good bye, good bye! don't stir. Remember your promise: you are to accompany your uncle and aunt to our house to-morrow. We shall spend a happy day! Good bye!"

Some short answers from Eleonor now and then interrupted this fluency, but she said little; yet her eyes denoted how much her thoughts were under the control of her artful visitor, and how they wandered, now doubting, now conjecturing, and now forming suppositions that were little short of conclusive, obedient to the magic wand of the enchantress.

In less than five minutes after the departure of Mrs. Grafton, the good aunt entered, and, addressing Eleonor, said, "I met your

friend at the door, my dear; she tells me she has had half an hour's chat with you of the most agreeable kind: it has put her in spirits, she says, for the whole day."

"She is a very charming lady," answered Eleonor.

"And so friendly, my dear."

"I really don't know which to admire most, her understanding or her heart."

"She is a general favorite, and all her friends speak no less favorably of the prudence of her conduct than the sweetness of her temper."

"What I, perhaps, most admire in her," said Eleonor, "is the justness, I should rather say the niceness, of her feelings: she so truly distinguishes between the *quite enough* and the *too much*."

"That, my dear, is the very quality she has just been praising in you."

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear aunt, for having procured me so valuable, I should rather have said so inestimable, a friend."

"Well, well, my dear, do not be guilty

of your old mistake: though, I confess, in the present case, I do not think there is much danger. But Mr. Fairfax desired me to come here, and consult with you."

"About what, dear aunt?" asked Eleonor.

"Our removal into Baker-street. Every thing is ready."

"Then so am I; all I wish is that my dear uncle should entirely consult his own convenience."

"It will give you no regret, I dare say, to leave the city?"

"Nay, dear aunt, you know I am happy any where, though I own I shall be rather sorry to be so far from dear Mrs. Grafton."

"Luckily, my dear, that will not happen."

"What do you mean, dear aunt?"

"Mr. Grafton has taken a house in the same street."

"Why, has he?"

"Though I rather think it was at the suggestion of your friend; for he is a good kind soul, and they are mutually happy to oblige each other in every thing."

" Ah, my dear aunt, I have two examples before me, which are so delightful! Should I ever marry, you have shewn me the way to make the marriage state a blessing! But, how kind this is of Mrs. Grafton!"

" I assure you she has told me she should be miserable were she entirely cut off from our society; though I believe she ought rather to have said from yours."

" Nay, dear aunt, do her justice; she describes you and my uncle just as you truly are—quite matchless! But she is a discerning dear good creature.

CHAP. XIV.

THE removal to Baker-street, and the whole management of Mrs. Grafton, will lead the reader to understand the fixed purpose she had formed, to take every means in her power to carry her point. Nor was this all; the handsome Hargrave must have lodgings in the same neighbourhood, and accordingly elegant apartments were taken for him, in the house of an apothecary.

The two families removed to these habitations about the same time, and the intercourse between them became very frequent. Of this Mrs. Grafton very readily took charge; though it was an affair, the management of which did not require any great dexterity. As men of business, Grafton and Fairfax stood high in the esteem of each other: the first as a merchant, the latter as a banker, had justly acquired the character of being strictly honorable in all their deal-

ings. Add to this, Mr. Fairfax was prudent; yet, like all men of enlightened understandings and excellent hearts, he was unsuspicious, and not only admired but delighted to associate with people of worth. Mrs. Grafton was careful to make herself appear to him, what she did to many others, a woman not only of the most winning manners, but of consummate prudence: no wonder, therefore, that he should wish a niece, whom he so dearly loved, to profit by the conversation of that lady; which she took care plentifully to interlard with remarks that insinuated worldly wisdom, of which she too well knew poor Eleonor had much to acquire.

The barrister did not fail to second the plans of his amiable sister: one part of the plan was, that his visits to the house of Fairfax should not be too frequent; they could only be obtained by repeated invitation, and, when in the company of Eleonor, he suffered nothing more than the most respectful attention to escape him, though he

would occasionally assume something like an oppression of spirits and deep reverie, while an occasional sigh would break from him, that spoke an increasing propensity to melancholy, which in him was quite a novel appearance. He likewise became very sentimental, made occasional speeches in favor of philanthropy and benevolence; and whenever any acts of humanity, such as Mrs. Grafton took proper opportunities to introduce were recounted, his approbation and admiration of the authors of them were high indeed.

Hargrave chose his occasions to visit when he thought them most favorable, and endeavoured to avoid coming in contact with Campbel; but, when the latter happened to be present, he treated him with what he made appear to be unaffected respect; and seldom contended with him in argument, except he could find some accidental opportunity of appearing to surpass him in charitable forgiveness of the frailties of human nature, or in any enlargement of principle reduced to

practice; and, if such by chance occurred, Mrs. Grafton was no less anxious than himself not to let them slip profitless away.

But the conduct of this worthy pair will be more perfectly seen in the following little adventure, than by any description it is possible for words to give.

Shortly after the removal to Baker-street, Eleonor was standing with Mrs. Grafton at her drawing-room window, from which they could plainly see the shop-door of the apothecary, at whose house Hargrave lodged. A young girl, of a fine figure, good complexion, and very pleasing countenance, plain but clean in her dress, and with a charming simplicity of appearance, caught the attention of Eleonor. "Bless me," said she, "look at that pretty young woman! I declare, she quite takes my fancy."

"While they were praising and following her with their eyes, they saw her go into the apothecary's shop. "Perhaps," said Eleonor,, "the poor thing has got some sick relation at home; some young sister, or,

may be, a mother, or father; who knows? How I should like to be a man! I could then run after her, and inquire."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Grafton, "those are inquiries you have often made, notwithstanding you are but a timid young lady."

They continued the dialogue till the young woman had obtained what she went for, and came out of the shop with a phial in her hand; but she was soon after followed by Leoline, who made two or three hasty strides, and, just before he came up to her, slackened his pace. Mrs. Grafton, knowing that Eleonor saw all this, was alarmed, and still more so when the *amiable* youth came side by side with the girl, and evidently stooped to whisper something in her ear. Feeling it was too late to call off the attention of Eleonor, Mrs. Grafton exclaimed, "Bless me! what can be the meaning of this? Leoline, to be sure, must be acquainted with her! I never knew him guilty of—Lord, how soon ugly suspicions come into

one's mind! I am really ashamed of myself! However, I'll know what it all means; of that I am determined."

Eleonor, unwilling to say a word, for she scarcely indeed knew what she thought on such a subject, made no reply. This did but increase the alarm of Mrs. Grafton. "I cannot believe," said she, "Leoline would indulge any— Men, to be sure, are licentious —That—of that we have too many proofs; but men of principle— I have always found Leoline a man of the best principles, and the purest conduct. A young creature so engaging in her appearance! Oh, I'll stake my life, Leoline is intent on some praiseworthy pursuit.

The young woman turned the corner of a street, Leoline having hold of her arm; and Eleonor, having lost sight of them, retired from the window, rather dissatisfied with herself. She had begun to change her opinion, and to expect she knew not well what, but something very extraordinary, of our barrister, moulded as her mind had been

when she so often witnessed the great admiration in which he was held by the discerning and candid Mrs. Grafton.

The latter, however, had formed her plan, and, taking her handkerchief from her pocket, appeared to be deeply affected, and to restrain her tears with great difficulty. Her Christian name was Eliza, by which she had insisted *her sweet young friend* should call her: the formality of 'Mrs. Grafton' was very well from common lips; but, from her dear Eleonor, "Oh there was no affection in it; it was not to be endured!" Eleonor, seeing her distress, pressed her hand, and exclaimed, "My dear Mrs."—a kind reproachful look was given her—"I forget myself," said she, "do not think me unkind; nor do not, my dear, dear Eliza, give way to suspicions that may be all false. Mr. Hargrave is your brother."

"Oh yes," interrupted the sobbing Eliza, "the brother of my heart! I have watched him from his childhood; we have grown up together without disguise: I have always

supposed our intercourse was as open as it was affectionate. Should he—Well, well—I will know the whole truth! Were I to discover any thing—any thing very—very monstrously wicked—it would break my heart."

Eleonor offered every consolation the overflowings of affection could afford; but the arrival of visitors put an end to the scene, and she departed with a deep conviction of the stern and unrelenting virtues of her friend.

The first leisure moment Mrs. Grafton could obtain was employed in writing a note to the gallant and accomplished Leoline, expressing her impatience to see him immediately. In the evening he came, and, finding her alone, with that self-confidence which seldom forsook him, desired to know what great question was now before the house; for he saw something indignant in the eye of Mrs. Grafton.

"I have no words," replied she, "to describe my feelings! Pray, who was that

young woman you followed out of the shop, stooped to whisper in her ear, and took so familiarly under the arm yesterday?"

Leoline burst into laughter. "Why do you ask?" said he, "Surely, she is no *protegèe* of yours?"

"I must insist on knowing who she is?"

"Oh, by all means: pray insist upon that."

"Sir," answered his sister, "if you have no tenderness for the characters of such poor young creatures, I hope you have some for your own."

"Which way is my own called in question, good sister?"

"You are taking the most certain way possible to ruin yourself with Miss Fairfax."

"Bless me, the poor thing cannot be jealous of such a rival!"

"She is jealous of principle, jealous of honor, jealous of happiness!"

"Oh, they are three excellent things. However, I am very glad she is jealous of any thing: it is a favorable symptom. But

pray how came she to know any thing of such a matter?"

"She herself saw you, from our drawing-room window; and, I could well perceive, saw you with astonishment, as well she might."

"I am heartily glad of it; nothing could have been more fortunate."

"Fortunate, indeed!—It is true I have been forming a scheme."

"You have! Your invention I know, my dear sister, is excellent; yet you must forgive me if I would rather trust to my own."

"Pshaw! I can't bear your conceit."

"You are to blame; you should be indulgent to all family failings."

"Leoline, *you* have been *to blame*, greatly to blame. Such things in men are really very odious; don't make them still worse, but hear what I have to propose."

"I will, dear sister, some evening next week; but, for the present, do just listen a word to me. Do you know when you shall see your *sweet young friend* again?"

" She has promised to spend the evening with me to-morrow: I have engaged to be alone. I make every sacrifice for your sake"—

" Without the least consideration or remembrance of the additional respect you will acquire, should your brother possess not only talents, birth, and breeding, but that which will prove him to be, in every sense of the word, a gentleman."

" I declare, Leoline, you are a very provoking creature!"

" I have been told that so often, it must be true. But you are sure Miss Fairfax will be here to-morrow evening?"

" I am sure she has promised, and I never yet knew her to break her word."

" She is a divine creature, perfection itself, and deserves the most accomplished and best husband the world can afford. I will have her. Say not another word; you shall see what will happen. Good evening, sister: three friends are waiting for me at the Smyrna. I am no galantee-show man,

yet ' you shall see what you shall see.' Good bye !"

Punctual to her appointment, at seven o'clock on the morrow evening the rat-tat of Eleonor's footman was heard at the door of Mr. Grafton. No sooner were the tea-things removed, and the friends quite *tête-a-tête*, than, confiding in the assurances Leoline had given her, his virtuous sister began, as she with a dejected air declared, very honestly to confess her fears that all was not right.

" This thing, my dear friend, quite preys upon my spirits."

" Have you then heard any thing?"

" Not a syllable."

" Then you have not seen Mr. Hargrave?"

" Oh, yes, and that is what distresses me."

" What has he said?"

" Nothing: he would give no answer. I attempted to reason with him, and to shew how shockingly appearances were against

him, but he was still silent; except that he very coldly observed, if people were always to be judged by appearances, he knew not who would escape censure. I told him very plainly I could not be satisfied with such an evasive answer. He said he was sorry for it: and seeing me look, I believe, a little out of humor, for which I confess I was to blame, he took his hat, and bad me good evening. I have not seen him since, and you cannot think how uneasy I am."

While all these expressions of anxiety were going on, a single knock was heard at the door, and presently afterward up came the footman, to inform his mistress a young woman desired to know if Mr. Hargrave would be there that evening; or if she could be told where to carry a note to him?

"A note!" said Mrs. Grafton; "Pray shew her up. I declare," added she, the moment the footman was out of the room, "I am all in a flutter: perhaps this may lead to some discovery. Who can this young woman be? Surely there are no more

of them! If Leoline should prove as innocent as I have always till now thought him, I never should forgive myself! Be it good or ill, I hope we shall come at the truth."

The door opened; the footman, shewing the way, said, "Please to walk in;" and the very same form, clean, simple, and pretty, that had been seen to enter the apothecary's shop, stood before them. "Pray, child," said Mrs. Grafton, "what did you want with Mr. Hargrave?"

"Only to give him this letter, ma'am."

"How came you to suppose he was here?"

"Because, ma'am, of you being his sister."

"Who told you I was his sister?"

"He himself, ma'am."

"I like that," whispered Mrs. Grafton to Eleonor.

"Is the note from yourself to my brother?"

"Dear no, ma'am; I should not take such a liberty."

"Then who is it from?"

"My mother. To be sure I wrote it, because she can't write; but it is as if from herself, being she told me what to say."

"Then you know what it contains?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am: my poor father is ill of a fever, and so I went yesterday for some stuff for him; and so the young gentleman, seeing me in the shop, and hearing my father was very bad, why he came home with me, and was so good as to give my father money, and to promise to get him into the hospital; and that is what this letter is about."

"Well, my good girl, leave it with me: I know where my brother will spend his evening, and my servant shall carry it to him directly."

"Could I have an answer, ma'am?"

"Oh, you may be sure he will take care of that."

"Thank you, ma'am! We shall all be very much obliged to you, ma'am."

"Is your father in any want?"

"No, ma'am, not now. Mr. Hargrave has been very good. I am sure he has my

mother's prayers, and mine too; so, ma'am, I must run home, else my poor mother will be uneasy."

The girl dropped a curtsey and left the room, while the delighted and compassionate Eleonor had drawn her purse to make a charitable offering; but Mrs. Grafton had given a significant negative look, and laid hold of her hand.

No sooner were they quite alone than the handkerchief was out, the eyes were hidden, and Mrs. Grafton exclaimed, "Oh what a load is suddenly taken from my mind!" while the eyes of Eleonor spoke all that happiness which her delicacy forbad her lips to express; but, when her friend hung upon her shoulder and pressed her to her bosom, the embrace was most affectionately returned. "Oh my dear friend," continued Mrs. Grafton, "you were kind enough to take some small share in my distress, and you now are kind enough to feel a part of my joys; your eyes tell me you do, and my satisfaction of heart is complete."

" But why did you refuse to let me contribute to the support of this poor family?" Eleonor asked.

" From motives of delicacy, which I am sure you will approve: my brother has been, with shame I say it, suspected by me of I know not what, while he was acting just as became him: this poor family is under his protection, and, after I have done him so much wrong, it is but just that he should enjoy the whole pleasure of conduct so proper quite undisturbed."

It must be acknowledged the virtuous and gentle Eliza played her part most admirably, considering that the self-sufficient hero of the tale would condescend to give her no further instructions: they were indeed mutually conscious of so perfectly understanding each other, that neither of them felt the least hesitation.

The innocent heart of Eleonor was quite alive to all those delicious pleasures that continually accompany the admiration of virtue. The fine form of Leoline condescendingly

stooping to whisper comfort in the ear of the distressed, entering the chamber of the sick, consoling the wretched, relieving their wants, and aiding to restore the father to his afflicted family, was a picture that she filled up with all the fine tints that philanthropy could afford, and beheld with that enthusiasm which was at once so lovely and so fraught with danger.

With respect to this sick father, the hospital he was sent to, the charities that were so humanely bestowed upon him, with the gratitude of the mother, the virtues of the modest pretty-looking daughter, and the blessings they all showered on the philanthropic Leoline, we have not time just at present to give them in the detail, but must leave them to the reader's imagination. Should it happen hereafter that we should find some opportunity to be more explicit, we shall willingly take it; but of this we give no promise. We must, at present, make a momentary inquiry after one whom

we should think it wrong indeed to forget, and to whom, speaking generally, we no less delight to listen than to find him the subject of our discourse.

CHAP. XV.

THE picture that Mrs. Grafton, after the dialogue that passed between herself, Eleonor, and Mr. Campbel, had given of that gentleman, had been somewhat overcharged; yet he took such delight in the very purity of moral principles, and so ardent is youth in the pursuit of its pleasures, that he certainly expected rather too much, both from himself and those he most loved.

It was this that occasioned him to speak as he had done to Eleonor, and that still induced him to reiterate the same doctrine, whenever he found a proper opportunity. Eleonor, whose gentle nature could seldom feel displeasure, patiently listened, and rather answered with smiles, than with words that denoted her feelings were in the least wounded: they certainly, however, were not soothed, though her lips were silent.

Eleonor was just at that happy age when beauty receives daily additions; and she al-

ready possessed such symmetry of form, such loveliness of feature, a voice so sweet, an eye so clear, and a countenance so intelligent, that it is not wonderful if they made a deep impression on a heart like that of Campbel, affectionate and susceptible as it was.

But for the baneful influence of Mrs. Grafton and her brother, Eleonor would most likely have better understood what was passing in the bosom of Campbel. Hargrave was nearly as handsome as his sister had said, at least to all who were not deeply read in physiognomy: he was finely proportioned, tall and slender, pale of complexion, had hazle eyes, and could assume the most seducing manners; and, while in conversation, he displayed no common force of intellect. Was it wonderful that Eleonor, innocent of heart, and believing all to be good that seemed good, should begin to have those tender feelings which so many things concurred to inspire?

Campbel was not himself aware of the

deep root that love had taken in his heart. He supposed indeed that love was a passion easy to be subdued, for hitherto his passions had been obedient to reason. One day he made a discovery that did not tend to lessen his love.

While Eleonor was at Bath, she heard much talk of Miss Hannah More, and of the benefits that lady aided to bestow on society by the zeal with which she promoted Sunday schools. Eleonor conversed on this subject with the partner of all her then thoughts, Lady Clarissa, and on the means that could best be taken to promote so beneficial a plan. The money allowed her to expend on herself was five hundred a year: she rejoiced to find she had already the power to be charitable; and her friend, Lady Clarissa, though inwardly laughing at what she supposed to be Eleonor's simplicity, very seriously advised her to have a school of her own.

Eleonor had not quite confidence enough for this; however, she ruminated so often

and so seriously concerning what her guardian had taught her were the duties of the rich, that at last she wrote to her aunt Fairfax on the subject. So full of zeal was her letter, and she described the benefits which would arise to the poor children with such force, that the good Mrs. Fairfax was herself delighted, first that her dear Eleonor should already form plans so virtuous, and next to reflect on all that might be done. More letters passed, and, when Eleonor returned to town from Bath, Mrs. Fairfax had, by inquiry, procured a list of eight young girls, which Eleonor soon increased to a dozen. They thought their purses would not at present authorize them to go farther.

The prosperity of all public institutions, on a great or a little scale, depends much more on the agents to whom the conduct of them is intrusted than on the principals from whom the funds to establish and maintain them are derived. Eleonor, who was very attentive to the performance of her re-

ligious duties, had remarked an elderly woman, who was no less constantly at church than herself, and who, though she sat among the poor, had something about her that seemed to claim association with those who called themselves her betters. Eleonor had often wished she could find an opportunity of speaking to her, for she thought it was possible this decent-looking person might want a friend; but the good woman acted as if she seemed rather to avoid than to seek being noticed.

Fortunately, the plan of the intended school suggested the possibility that this woman might be employed agreeably to herself, and for the benefit of the little seminary. Eleonor, therefore, communicated her thoughts to Mrs. Fairfax; and, as in things of this nature they generally agreed in opinion, on the next sabbath the footman of Eleonor was sent to this good woman as she came out of church, to request she would be kind enough to call on Monday morning at the house of Mr. Fair-

fax, in Baker-street, as the ladies wished to speak with her.

Though she received this message with some surprise, she readily promised to come. Accordingly, the following morning, one gentle knock announced her arrival: the servant shewed her up stairs; and she appeared at the breakfast-table of Mr. Fairfax with something of additional neatness and respectability, that spoke still further in her favor.

She was kindly requested to sit down, and, if she had not breakfasted, to partake with the family. A tear started to the good woman's eye: she wiped it away, and answered, "she rose early, and had generally breakfasted before eight o'clock." Eleonor and her aunt had kept their design undivulged, yet had so introduced the subject of Sunday schools, in the way of discourse, as not only to know Mr. Fairfax approved of them, but to learn what he considered as the best manner for their management. Perceiving they had something to say to the

woman, and perfectly confiding in the well-tried prudence of Mrs. Fairfax, he quickly ended his breakfast, and left the room; after which the following dialogue passed.

"Perhaps we have intruded upon your time, madam, and have called you from the employment by which you gain your livelihood," said Mrs. Fairfax.

"No, madam," replied the stranger, "I should be glad to find employment."

"Pray have you lived long in this neighbourhood?"

"About three years, madam."

"You follow some business, no doubt?"

"I take in plain work, and have the good fortune now and then to be sent for to help a poor mantua-maker, with whom I am acquainted, when she is in a hurry; but she has not always work enough for herself and her daughter."

"All girls," said Eleonor, "should be taught the useful parts of needle-work."

"Oh, yes," added the good woman,

with a deep sigh; "in the decline of life it may keep them from either starving or being burdensome to a parish."

"In your time," said Mrs. Fairfax, "you may have had children under your care?"

"Yes, madam, I have had eleven of my own; seven of them were girls, and those I thought it my duty to educate myself."

"Perhaps you yourself could teach them to read, write, and cast up small sums?"

"Yes, madam," said the good woman, with a faint smile.

"Should you be willing, if you were paid for your trouble, to teach a dozen poor girls, twice of a Sunday; once before church time, and once after?"

"Very willing, indeed, madam. I should be thoroughly glad to make myself so useful. It might help to relieve me from fears that begin to prey upon my mind rather too often; for, now the hopes of my youth are all gone."

" Every thing you say, and your whole appearance, lead me to think you have seen better days."

" I have, indeed, madam." The good woman turned her head aside, to hide the emotions of her countenance.

" We must not be too inquisitive," said Mrs. Fairfax.

" Ah, madam," answered the stranger, " I must not be too intrusive; it is kindness in those who listen to the unfortunate."

" Your language leads me to think your education has been very good."

" Thanks to Providence, and to my once-affectionate parents, it has been tolerable: to that I owe many, many comforts; otherwise, I know not what my sufferings might have been."

" You make me long to hear your history, dear madam," said Eleonor, while her eyes glistened through the dews of compassion.

" My story may be told in a few words, madam:—My father was a clergyman; my

mother the daughter of a decayed baronet. I was married honorably and happily to Mr. Fenton, a mariner, who, by his talents and conduct, rose to be captain of a ship in the East-India Company's service. Till that time every thing had smiled upon us, and then every body supposed our family would have been well provided for; but a reverse of fortune came, my husband's mercantile adventures failed, losses were incurred, debts accumulated, and, to complete our ruin, my poor dear husband was shipwrecked and perished, because he determined not to forsake his vessel, which he had hopes might still be saved. After his death I was harassed, I cannot tell you how much, by his creditors, and found myself with nine remaining children to support, I knew not how. Two of my three boys entered young into the king's service, in which they both died. I obtained a place for the third in a merchant's 'compting-house, and he, being a youth of very hopeful talents, was sent to Smyrna; but whether he was taken by a

corsair, or what became of the poor fellow, I never yet could learn. I struggled for my daughters to the best of my power, and endeavoured to teach them to struggle for themselves; but Providence has been pleased to deprive me of them all, by taking them to a better world, except one, and she married a foreigner, with whom she resides somewhere in Italy; but at what place I do not know."

Eleonor could not hear this simple narrative with a tearless eye; and Mrs. Fairfax exclaimed, "Dear madam, your troubles have indeed been great!"

"I cannot say I do not sometimes think so," replied Mrs. Fenton; "but surely that is a wrong way of thinking. How many blessings have been bestowed upon me! how many pleasures have I enjoyed! and even now, that I am most reduced, and seem almost forsaken, how enviable is my situation, compared to that of many, many thousands of poor creatures around me! Fortunately for me, my most worthy father,

and that dear mother, whose love of me I shall never forget, took thorough pains to instruct me in my duties to God and man: while I continue to perform these, I ought not to think I am unhappy."

The overflowing affections of Eleonor were irresistible; she caught Mrs. Fenton's hand, pressed it to her heart, kissed it with rapture, and exclaimed, "Dear, good, precious soul!"

Mrs. Fairfax was scarcely less moved, and added, "We are very fortunate, Mrs. Fenton: you are one of the fittest persons on earth to help us in our little plan. But, pray tell me, did you never wish to keep a day-school?"

"Yes, very often, and very earnestly."

"And why did not you, my dear madam," said Eleonor, hastily?

"Because I had neither money nor scholars."

"Oh, you shall have both; sha'n't she, dear aunt?

"Most assuredly," answered Mrs. Fair-

fax, with pleasure sparkling in her eye: "Mrs. Fenton will be able to manage our Sunday school just the same."

"I can only return you my most sincere thanks, ladies, at present; but I hope that I shall hereafter do every thing in my power to benefit those poor young creatures your charity shall commit to my care, and this I am sure you will think the best way in which I can repay your very unexpected kindness."

"My sweet Eleonor, you are a dear discerning girl," said Mrs. Fairfax; and, turning to Mrs. Fenton, added, "if, madam, we should be of any service to each other, we shall both be indebted for it to the penetration of this young lady: 'twas she that recommended you to me; 'twas she that noticed the decency of your appearance, the unassuming propriety of your behaviour, and the constancy of your appearance at church."

"And I, madam," replied Mrs. Fenton, "have perhaps as often noticed, and surely

with still much greater admiration, a young lady, who—I am afraid to speak: indeed I am not a flatterer; but, when we are in the sanctified temple of God, and imagine ourselves among saints and angels—"

"I love you dearly, Mrs. Fenton, already, and I hope I shall prevail on you to love me. I am sure the opinion we have of each other is very favorable, so don't let us say another word on that subject: we will now think of all our little arrangements."

CHAP. XVI.

MRS. FENTON having been consulted on the project of the Sunday school, and all that Eleonor and her aunt had imagined to make it flourish, gave them many useful hints and much information; after which, for the present, she departed. It was difficult to exceed the satisfaction she had given. Mrs. Fairfax very justly observed, that her whole discourse proved she had not only received an excellent education, but possessed an understanding such as might have fitted her for almost any employment. "How much is it to be regretted," added she, "that many such fine understandings both in men and women remain unknown, unemployed, and lost to the world!"

"Indeed, dear aunt," answered Eleonor, "inexperienced as I am, I have sometimes had that thought myself. Isn't it a cruel one? Whenever it has come over me, it has quite made my heart ache. Oh, virtue and ta-

lents should always be known, always employed, always held in the highest honor. What a happy world would it then be!—Why do you smile, aunt?"

"I smile at the general propensity of our short-sighted sex: we most of us wonder why things are not as you say; why are not virtue and talents continually promoted? why is not the world made happy? It seems to require nothing but plain common sense; yet Man comes, with all his sagacity, and answers,—The thing is impossible."

"I do not think I could like any man whom I should hear argue in that manner."

"Why, my dear, should you dislike any person for telling you the truth?"

"I cannot believe it is the truth."

"Oh, were you to listen to a man who knows the world; for instance, were Mr. Hargrave here"—

"Nay, dear aunt, there you are wrong," interrupted Eleonor with warmth, Mr. Hargrave would take the other side of the question: of that I am very sure."

" Are you, indeed?"

" Oh yes, indeed, am I."

" I have heard you express your doubts of the purity of Mr. Hargrave's principles."

" For which I am very sorry. I was never more mistaken. When one judges too favorably, there is charity in that mistake, and one's heart finds some consolation; but, when we find our suspicious ill thoughts are wholly unfounded, I scarcely know any thing more painful. I am conscious of having done Mr. Hargrave this injustice, and I am called upon to take every opportunity to retract."

" Well, my dear, you are well assured I cannot be displeased with honest candor. I think very highly of Mr. Hargrave, though I have not always privately acquiesced in his sentiments; that can scarcely be expected. But have you had any proof your opinion was hasty, that induces you to make this declaration?"

" Oh, yes, yes, yes!" exclaimed Eleonor with increasing emphasis. " Evil thoughts

have wronged Mr. Hargrave more than once; but he is a good, an excellent gentleman! I have read of one who wished his bosom were of glass, that every secret of his heart might be read. Mr. Hargrave might well form that wish, for he was injuriously supposed to have had improper motives at the very moment he was exercising the great duties of benevolence."

Here the animated Eleonor told all that she knew of the neat young girl, the physic she fetched, the father in a fever, the letter of the mother, and the whole charitable proceedings of Mr. Hargrave, every where adorning the picture with all that spirit and pathos which in her enraptured eye it possessed. Mrs. Fairfax listened with scarcely less pleasure than her niece spoke; for they, good souls! had hearts that made them both very sincere believers in virtue.

Every thing for the Sunday school was in such readiness, that on the very next sabbath it was in full activity. Twelve poor girls received their lessons first, and

then their breakfast; after which, having been previously washed and combed, each had a brown stuff gown and petticoat, new shoes, white stockings, apron, tippet, and cap, with a straw bonnet, so that they were in perfect uniform. Mrs. Fenton attended them to church, brought them back, gave them a wholesome but cheap plain dinner, took them to church once more, again heard them their lessons, and dismissed them in the evening with a charge to return the next morning and leave their Sunday clothes, for which, in addition to what they had brought, they received such strong cheap articles as they most stood in need of.

An appearance so novel in the neighbourhood could not but excite inquiries. Under whose patronage were these poor children? where were the funds that supplied them, and who were the persons? were questions frequently asked. Except Mrs. Fenton, nobody knew; and she, following her instructions, refused to tell. They had immediately caught the attention

of Campbel, who frequented the church to which Eleonor and her friends went. He was delighted with the benevolence of the plan, and the perfection with which it was carried into execution. He did not often wish to know secrets, but here he felt that desire strongly, and, other attempts having failed, he was at last impelled to call on Mrs. Fenton.

Not presuming upon his rank and riches, he introduced himself by apologizing for the freedom he was about to take: then said—"Pray, madam, am I guilty of any indiscretion, in asking you whether it can possibly be from your own funds that you have instituted the very delightful little Sunday-school which is under your direction?"

"By no means, sir: I should be sorry any mistake should get abroad, and therefore answer you with plain sincerity. I am what I seem to be,—poor, and incapable of doing the good I am glad to see done."

"The school must have founders: it is

a very good action, and, were the promoters of it known, might excite emulation in others. Do they wish their names to be kept secret?"

"They wish it earnestly, sir."

"I am sorry for it. Are the subscribers in this neighbourhood?"

Mrs. Fenton made no reply.

"Are they many or few?"

"I can only say, sir, I am not at liberty to answer any questions on this subject."

"If so, madam, I will ask no more. Had it been an open charity, I should willingly have been a subscriber myself, and think I could have procured additional names to the list."

The few replies of Mrs. Fenton were so proper and firm, yet delivered with a demeanor so unassuming and so obliging, that Campbel, though disappointed, could not but think very favorably of her when he departed. The subject, however, still dwelt upon his mind: few spectacles, indeed,

make a greater impression on a heart that delights in the gentle charities of nature, than a number of children, especially females, assembled in order, clean in their appearance, uniform in their dress, and under the guidance of those who are endeavouring to secure their future happiness. In this case, 'tis true, the number was but small; but, in all other respects, their appearance was singularly pleasing.

As the safest supposed method, it had been agreed that Mrs. Fenton should come every Saturday morning into Baker-street at six or seven, according to the season. Campbel did not reside in Baker-street, but Mr. Fairfax, one Friday, had a party that supped and staid late, of whom Archibald was one. For some reason, he had not ordered his carriage; the night was remarkably rainy, and he was pressed to stay. Several friends would have set him down, but he had a pleasure in accepting the invitation. Whether it was that to sleep

under the same roof with Eleonor was congenial to his feelings, or whatever else the cause might be, is immaterial.

Though he went to bed late, he awoke early, for early rising was become habitual to him. As he left the room, to take a walk before breakfast, and came down the hall-stairs, he had a glimpse of Mrs. Fenton, who, when she heard footsteps, hastily followed the housekeeper into her room.

Suddenly the right train of ideas was excited! Mrs. Fenton—her haste to avoid him—the benevolence which he knew was an inmate of that family—and the early visit of the conductress of the school—to a mind so apt at combination as that of Archibald could not but more than half-reveal the secret. His heart glowed while he proceeded from conjecture to conjecture; nor did he miss one that was equally true and acute: it was the pious work of the females of the family, and not of his guardian; for, had it been his, the scheme would have been communicated, and he, Campbel, would

have been consulted, and allowed to contribute, as he knew from experience.

All this passed with such rapidity through his mind as to arrest his progress, and induce him to stop a moment in the hall and consider, yet not till the hall-door was half-open in his hand. Though he had as little doubt as possible, yet he could not say to himself he had absolute proof that all he divined was true; and, as his feelings at that moment were too powerful to be disobeyed, he yielded to their commands, shut the door, and stepped lightly back up stairs to his bedroom, panting with the hope of some chance elucidation.

It so happened that the fatigue of the evening had overcome Mrs. Fairfax, who overlsept herself, and forgot, for once, the weekly charity of Saturday morning: but Eleonor was awake; her youthful spirits never slumbered when she had the favorite vision of her Sunday-school to call them into action. She had heard Mrs. Fenton in the hall, and, without the least recollection

of Archibald, rang her bell; then went to the landing-place, and in a sweet under-voice said, "Come up, madam, if you please."

Mrs. Fenton, when she heard the hall-door shut, had no doubt but that the person who was going down stairs had gone out. Being on the watch, she had heard Eleonor, and immediately hastened up stairs.

Campbel, no less watchful, and never once suspecting there could be harm in even secretly endeavouring to discover the virtues of those we love, heard all that passed, and, though he could not be mistaken in the well-known music of Eleonor's voice, yet curiosity imperiously obliged him to look from the door, that stood a-jar, and enjoy the beatific vision of Eleonor and Mrs. Fenton, as they passed from the landing-place into the drawing-room. How did his heart beat when he heard the latter give so kind a good morning to the former, and saw her take her by the hand, and, with an angelic smile, add, "I hope you are very well, my dear Mrs. Fenton!"

Oh! at that happy moment, who would not have envied the feelings of Campbel? He needed no more; his conviction was certain, his heart was satisfied; it throbbed with sensations the most delightful that heart could feel.

He would not disturb their charitable conference; no, it was of a sacred nature. He shut his door, drew a chair, and sat for a time entranced by his cogitations. It was Eleonor, sweet Eleonor, that was the benevolent angel, after whom he had vainly inquired! This one thought, repeated in a thousand different forms, occupied him wholly.

At length he heard the drawing-room door open and shut, and the voice in whose sweet sounds his heart delighted: "Good morning, Mrs. Fenton, good morning; a thousand thanks! Every thing is so proper, so charming, I cannot tell you how happy you make me. But you are a dear soul! Good morning."

The prudent Mrs. Fenton said not a word; but her looks and demeanor were

amply loquacious : she hastened down stairs, dropped a curtsey as she passed the expecting housekeeper, and, shutting the hall-door, turned a corner into the first street.

Campbel, as soon as he saw the passage clear, hurried after her ; not to make any more inquiries,—he now had none to make ; but to gratify his feelings, to contemplate again her happy dwelling, and, while he breathed the free expanse, to inhale with the morning air ideas of fresh delight.

He soon was far in the fields, subject to no observing eye, except some chance straggler, and there he indulged the full flow of youthful happy spirits : he walked, he ran, he leaped, he revelled in every innocent vagary, accompanying each new antic with some favorite air, that he had heard from his beloved Eleonor.

But what was the most extraordinary of all this was, he did not know, he did not believe, that love had any thing to do in the business, except the love of virtue should be meant ; it was all pure admiration, such as

the most severe philosophy must not only approve, but most willingly partake; an admiration which such beauty, joined to such benevolence, drew from us irresistibly. Very true, Mr. Campbel, not a syllable of this can be denied; but, when love is just what you and I suppose it to be, pray what is it more or less than this?

Such, perhaps, is the entrance through which love gains admission into all young and innocent hearts; at least if they be hearts of honor, hearts of worth. Campbel had much faith in the power of reason. Mrs. Grafton had not greatly misrepresented him when she told Eleonor of his determination not to marry till reason was fully satisfied that happiness would be the result. Experience had not yet taught him that Love and Reason always suppose themselves to be one and the same thing. Love discusses each point over with Reason sovery adroitly, that there is no possibility of denying one of his arguments. If we can but remember to give it, the time will come when the dis-

sertation between Love and Reason will be acknowledged to be of a very animated kind.

Wild as he was for a time in the exaltation of his spirits, Campbel did not forget the approaching hour of breakfast. Could the tea-table, where Eleonor presided,—where she, stretching out her perfectly-formed arm and delicate hand, sweetened the cup, handed the cates, and delighted the social circle by her urbanity and her smiles,—be forgotten? He was at home a full quarter of an hour before the summons to breakfast was given.

And how did he spend so large a portion of time? Oh, believe me, not wholly in idleness: with the help of his man he repaired those little derangements of a gentlemanly appearance which his field excursion had occasioned; and the care he took of this trifling affair, though quite unconscious to himself, was some how or other much greater than usual.

Thoroughly to express all the delightful

associations, that succeeded each other in the mind of Archibald at the breakfast-table this morning, would be no easy task. The image of the twelve children, first as he had seen them walking to church, and afterward modestly seated in it, under the watchful guidance of the unassuming yet respectable Mrs. Fenton, while, not far off, the unknown author of their happiness was viewing them with silent complacency, hovering over them like their guardian angel! Oh, it was inexpressibly delightful!

"What is the matter, Archibald?" said Mr. Fairfax; "you have scarcely opened your lips this morning: you are not usually so very silent."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Campbel, "I have been so lost in thought, I have not once recollected speech."

"From the brightness of your eyes," added Mr. Fairfax, "I cannot but suppose you have been indulging some pleasant dreams."

" Pleasant, sir! they are rapturous."

" If so, Mr. Campbel," said Eleonor, surely you ought to tell them."

" I cannot, madam," answered Campbel.

" Oh, I warrant you," replied Eleonor, smiling; " come, pray try!"

" I would do any thing to oblige you, madam," said Campbel, with something rather remarkable in his emphasis, " had I the power; but no one, I believe, is more conscious than you are, that those peculiar images of the mind, which give uncommon and supreme pleasure, are such as words cannot express."

" Well, well," rejoined Mrs. Fairfax; " but at least you can tell us the subject of these charming dreams."

" Very willingly, madam," answered Archibald; " it was nothing less than the contemplation of an angel on earth!"

Mr. Fairfax smiled.

" Nay, sir, when common words are wholly incapable of expressing our thoughts, surely we may be allowed to use bold me-

taphors. Are not you of that opinion, Miss Fairfax?"

"Oh, certainly," said Eleonor, "certainly".

"And do not you think that those who clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and provide for the future welfare of the weak, may, without any just offence to truth, be called angels upon earth?"

The picture of Leoline, the sick father, and the distressed family, immediately rose to view before Eleonor, and she ardently answered, "Oh, yes! angels upon earth! Those who relieve the miseries of the afflicted may justly be called angels upon earth!"

Unacquainted as he was with what was then passing in the mind of Eleonor, Campbel concluded her heart was frankly, because secretly, applauding its own virtues. Till that moment, he was far indeed from having had the smallest propensity to scrutinize or indulge one thought that could impugn the perfection of Eleonor; but, so subject is

the mind to associations that take birth it knows not how, a train of thinking was suggested, that made him again apprehensive lest the enthusiasm of Eleonor might lead even her virtues into excess.

Now, it so happened, he himself fell into that very fault he was just at this moment so fearful she might commit: his love of virtue led him to excess: he wished for an impossibility in man or woman; he wished to see Eleonor perfect. This is the error only of high minds, and one from which they never wholly escape; all such, more or less, resemble the Adam Overdo of Ben Jonson. Again his evil genius prompted him to give several very intelligible hints on the danger of enthusiasm, and in such a manner as he supposed would best warn Eleonor to beware of it.

Alas, Campbel knew not what he did! He counteracted all that afterward became the most ardent wishes of his soul! He cooled and diverted the rising affections of a heart that once was strongly bent to throb only

for him! He spread a net for the enthralment of that lovely creature, whom he would have lost his life to preserve! He led his best friend, Fairfax, to believe that the hand of Eleonor, had it been offered to him, would have been refused!

CHAP. XVII.

WHETHER the reader will or will not be sensible of the obligations he has to us is more than we can divine; nor should we, by any means, take the liberty to remind him of them, were it not for the mutual convenience of him and ourselves: we therefore beg permission just to observe, that we have led him a little through the recesses of the heart of Campbel before they were known to Campbel himself, in order that he, the reader, might comprehend the workings of that heart, its feelings and affections; all of which gave timely though misinterpreted intelligence of the danger that hovered over Archibald, and over the innocent unsuspecting Eleonor.

Respectful as he was to his honored friend and guardian, and to the worthy Mrs. Fairfax, who delighted in his virtues and loved him like a son, and happy as he had ever found himself in the company of

Eleonor, no wonder that he was a frequent visitor in Baker-street. Nor can it excite any great surprise that he and Hargrave should occasionally meet; that the admiration which the supposed virtues of the latter, resident in a form so uncommonly attractive, added to all the assiduities of a couple so capable as himself and his sister, should make a very perceptible impression upon Eleonor; and that the wakeful friendship of Campbel (for he was perfectly convinced it was nothing but friendship) should take the alarm. Eleonor was as little aware of which way her affections tended as Campbel was of the tendency of his own; but, in her case, he was far from being so blind as in the estimates he made of himself. It was a duty of conscience with her, when she thought well of any one, to speak those thoughts, and it was by no means a habit with her to express herself by halves. Campbel had lately, more than once, heard expressions from her that indicated her increasing admiration of Mr. Hargrave; and

one evening, artfully incited by Mrs. Grafton, Campbel being present, he, with some surprise, heard her declare, "She did not believe there was a more benevolent or more virtuous-minded gentleman than Mr. Hargrave!"

He was so accustomed to the raptures of Eleonor, that, had she made this avowal of any one else, he would have thought it nothing unusual; but of Hargrave, a man who he plainly perceived was endeavouring to ingratiate himself in her affections, that she should publish her opinion of him so undisguisedly inflicted a secret pain, which all his philosophy could not repel.

He still, however, continued to persuade himself that he only felt benevolent anxiety for the future welfare of Eleonor, and that he did not view Hargrave, whom he had never liked, with increased disgust; but he deceived himself. The society of the barrister daily became more irksome to him, and love made him doubly clear-sighted to the odious selfishness and specious arts of

that gentleman. Jealousy gained strong though unconscious hold over his heart, and made him observe every action, however trivial, of his fortunate rival, with rigorous scrutiny.

Eleonor, on the contrary, while she artlessly betrayed the rising inclination of her heart, acquired additional charms, and excited increased interest in the young sage. Her eye beamed innocence and love; truth and benevolence exhaled from her lips; every motion was harmony and grace! To Campbel she appeared something like celestial.

If I could ever fall in love without the full approbation of my own understanding, thought Archibald, as he gazed on the dangerous syren, it would be with such an angel! But, till I am convinced marriage would make happiness secure, Philosophy shall be my mistress! The pure delights of friendship alone shall have charms for me! Eleonor, thy guileless simplicity, charming candor, and unaffected benevolence, make thy happiness dear to my heart! Oh, that

thou wert indeed my sister! I would not exchange the brotherly affection I feel for all the boasted transports of love. Oh, may this Mr. Hargrave be fully sensible of thy worth! May thy pure tenderness meet a sincere return, and thy gentle nature never experience the rude shock of severity or unkindness! Mayest thou ever thus enchantingly smile!

These and similar reflections, which daily passed through his mind, induced Campbel to treat Eleonor with increased kindness and respect. Though, at moments, his anxiety for her future welfare made him express himself with all the energy of feeling on the subject of romantic delusion, he attacked her foibles with more than usual lenity. The female understanding rose gradually in his estimation; and he forbore, particularly in the presence of Eleonor, to utter a word that could be thought derogatory to the understanding of women.

Indeed, the partial knowledge he had acquired of Mrs. Grafton contributed toward

effecting some change in his opinion respecting the intellectual weakness of the fair sex. She had not, however, gained the unbounded influence over his mind which she seldom failed to exercise over those of her friends and acquaintance. He admired her knowledge of the world, and found her conversation agreeable, and on some points instructive; but her manners, though they too were very pleasing, had not that artless simplicity which he considered to be one of the greatest charms of woman. Neither did she appear to him to possess that quickness of sensibility and genuine sweetness, which Archibald almost adored in the romantic but amiable Eleonor.

Mrs. Grafton, in short, though her superior endowments, personal attractions, and prepossessing manners, commanded his admiration, did not interest his feelings, or inspire that confidence which her intimacy with persons he so highly honored and loved seemed to claim.

Eleonor, though absorbed in the delight-

ful illusions of romance, could not help remarking the increased respect and studied forbearance of Campbel: regarding him as the adopted son of her excellent guardians, and the friend of the admirable Leoline, she continued to treat him with cordial kindness and her wonted unreserve; little suspecting that, by so acting, she gave secret but mortal offence to the pride of Hargrave. Though he thought too highly of his own merits to fear even the possibility of rivalship, that amiable gentleman, as has been already said, was of a haughty temper: he, beside, was meanly envious of the high esteem in which Campbel was held by Mr. Fairfax and his family. He was far, however, from once venturing to express dissatisfaction at the friendly behaviour of Eleonor at present, nor till he had obtained an absolute dominion over the mind and actions of that young lady, as will be seen.

The following incident, which happened about this time, is among those that we think it incumbent on us to relate, as it will

tend to make the reader still better acquainted with the virtues of the less artful but generous and noble-minded Campbel, and as it becomes faithful historians to record all actions that are remarkable as good or great.

It was the custom of Archibald to sometimes spend an hour or two of an evening at a coffee-house, where a select company of literary friends assembled, and where every thing bespoke order, propriety, and good sense. The master was a plain-spoken but sensible man, and very obliging to his guests.

For several evenings Archibald remarked that an Irish officer, in the prime of life, whose countenance was handsome and intelligent, but strongly marked by ill health and melancholy, and whose appearance did not bespeak him rich, placed himself in a solitary corner, took no refreshment, and, after reading the papers, walked out of the coffee-room with proud despondency.

The interest of the young philanthropist was strongly excited, and his curiosity was

raised by observing that Wilson, the master of the coffee-house, was particularly attentive to the stranger, and that, when he addressed him, his countenance and voice assumed an expression of deep respect, mingled with emotion no less singular than vivid.

Accident, one evening, much to his satisfaction, gave Campbel an opportunity of conversing with the officer, and he was no less pleased with the liberal sentiments and warmth of benevolence which he displayed, than amused by the national peculiarities which frequently escaped him : still, however, he was sorry to remark that the officer made evident efforts to abstract his mind from some painful subject that seemed to engross his thoughts, and that his natural vivacity had apparently been undermined by worldly misfortunes and hard service.

When the officer had retired, Campbel, impelled by the additional interest which conversation had inspired, waited till the guests gave him an opportunity, and then

asked Wilson if he could inform him who that gentleman was?

"Oh yes, sir, nobody better," replied Wilson. "He is a brave Irish officer, of a good family, who, though he bears the best of characters, cannot, for want of interest, obtain promotion. In addition to being obliged to support the rank of a gentleman, he has had an aged father and mother to maintain for several years. His income is very narrow; and, though he submits to the most rigorous self-privation, the infirmities of his parents, that accumulate with age, and the increasing dearness of every article of life, unless he meets with unexpected good fortune, must inevitably involve him beyond the hope of retrieving his affairs. To complete his misfortune, he expects his regiment to be sent again to the West-Indies, where, most probably, poor gentleman! he will find an early grave."

A deep gloom overspread the countenance of Wilson, and his voice faltered as he spoke the concluding sentence.

" Has he been long in London?" said Campbel, who truly sympathized in the concerns of the worthy man.

" He arrived here a month since, and was brought up to town by the delusive but fair promises of some great man, a distant relation; but, finding him neither a parasite nor a mercenary duellist, his lordship has meanly broken his word, and the lieutenant, still rising superior to adversity, is preparing to return to Ireland, indignant in spirit, but with unshaken fortitude."

" I wonder I did not see him here till within this last fortnight," said Archibald; " I wish I had met with him sooner!"

" He was so engaged in military business at first, that he never came till a late hour."

" You seem, Mr. Wilson, to be personally interested in this gentleman's behalf!"

" I am, indeed, sir! I owe him obligations which can never be cancelled! My poor boy, who is now dead and gone (here Wilson wiped away the starting tear), served abroad in the same corps. There is not a

more brave and humane officer in his majesty's service than Mr. Fitzpatric. He was idolized by the regiment in which he served. Many a time, in the feverish climate of the West-Indies, to which my poor son owed his death, has he exposed his own life in taking care that the sick were properly attended, and paying the last duties of humanity! Often has he braved the odium of the proud and tyrannical in defence of the oppressed! To his generous exertions my dear boy was indebted for honor and life!"

The eyes of Wilson filled with tears, and Campbel was little less affected. After giving the worthy man time to recover himself, he proceeded to gain the remaining information he wanted.

"Will you be kind enough to favor me with the name and address of the worthy officer, Mr. Wilson?"

"His name, sir, is Fitzpatric, and he lodges at No. 88, round the corner."

"When does he quit London?"

"To-morrow, or the next day, at the

farthest, I believe, sir. Oh, sir, if you or your friends have interest in the War-Office, you cannot employ it more worthily than in bringing a brave man, who has seen boys and coxcombs put over his head, into notice !"

Campbel thanked Wilson for the information he had given him, took down the address of Fitzpatric, and immediately returned to his place of residence, which was in the neighbourhood. The plain but affecting tale, which the coffee-house keeper had told, could not fail to make a strong impression on the mind of Archibald. Wealth, abstractedly, was held in little estimation by Campbel; but, whenever he found occasion to worthily employ riches, he felt truly happy that he was enabled to follow the dictates of enlightened benevolence. Such were his feelings on the present occasion; and, with a glowing heart, he wrote the following letter to Lieutenant Fitzpatric:—

" Sir,

" Though almost an utter stranger to you, I trust to the liberality, which so conspicuously displayed itself this evening, in the conversation I had the honor to hold with you, to excuse the liberty I now take.

" I should not have thus abruptly intruded upon your attention, did I not understand that you intend to quit this city to-morrow, or the next day : this intelligence obliges me to be guilty of what the world might deem an impropriety ; but I hope you will believe me, sir, when I assure you that nothing could induce me, intentionally, to fail in respect toward a gentleman, whose character, from what I have heard and seen, I so highly esteem. Permit me, sir, to speak with the sincerity which is due from man to man !

" The worthy Mr. Wilson has made me acquainted with those virtues, which must command the veneration of all men ; he likewise indignantly lamented the unmerited military neglect, and ungenerous treatment,

you have experienced. If my interest was before excited, imagine, sir, how warmly I sympathized in his grateful admiration! Once more, let me entreat you to allow me to wave the cold ceremony, which stifles our better feelings. I am a young man, have no family, and my existence hitherto has been comparatively useless: I have a large fortune, and sacred duties to perform; the noblest and most exquisite of which is to repair, as far as it lies in my power, the injustice which virtue and merit too frequently have to encounter.

"In the eyes of the world, I have no claim to your attention; but surely, sir, you, who fulfil the highest social duties, and who nobly brave injustice rather than barter your principles and independence, will have some indulgence for one, who has an ardent ambition to render himself worthy the esteem of men like yourself.

"Dare I hope you will not think me totally unworthy of your friendship, but excuse the liberty I have taken, and admit me to the honor of an immediate conference?

I shall be the bearer of this myself, and anxiously wait your decision.

" I am, sir,
" With heartfelt respect,
" Your sincere admirer
" And humble servant,
"ARCHIBALD CAMPBEL."

Having finished the letter, Campbel hastened to the lodgings of Fitzpatric, fearing the least delay might frustrate his benevolent intentions. The lieutenant was at home, and in a few moments Archibald was conducted to that gentleman: the embarrassment was mutual, and the feelings of both were roused. After they were seated, and the customary salutations had passed, Fitzpatric, in a tone of voice which betrayed his internal emotion, thus addressed himself to Campbel:—" Your letter, sir, speaks the thorough-bred gentleman, and I shall be proud to cultivate your friendship; but, with respect to pecuniary obligations, you must excuse me, sir, if I decline, while I gratefully acknowledge, the favor you would urge me

to accept, and request that it may not again be mentioned."

"There is nothing, sir, I would more carefully avoid, than to wound the feelings of a man of worth; but the favor, dear sir, will be conferred on me; and, if you persist in a refusal, you will inflict severe pain, though it will be no more, perhaps, than the just punishment of my presumption."

"Sir, were it in my power to return the obligation, I would not reject your offer, for I am well aware that a true gentleman will not see another gentleman in distress, without offering to give him a friendly lift: but the life of an officer is precarious; he may be run through by the bayonet, or despatched by a bullet, before he knows where he is, and in that case there would be no time to settle accounts."

"The duties of men, Mr. Fitzpatric, are reciprocal: were I in danger of drowning, would not you stretch out an arm to save me,—you, who have so often risked your life from motives of humanity? Is the risk

of money, of which I have so much more than I want, equal to the risk of life? You are too generous to wound an enemy who throws himself on your mercy. I earnestly seek your friendship; do not wound me by a refusal!"

The feelings of the lieutenant could scarcely be concealed: he turned his head aside, drew his handkerchief, and, after a short pause, replied,—" Sir, I am an Irishman, and an officer. Though my country is infested with fortune-hunters and profligates, I hope you will believe that I am a man of honor, and that I am not insensible to your generosity; but I would scorn to abuse it."

" Every country, sir, unfortunately, is more or less infested with selfish and unprincipled men; but those who could for a moment suspect that Mr. Fitzpatric was of the number must be grossly ignorant of the sci ence of physiognomy. The Irish nation is characterised by virtues that are every where honored, but not every where practised; by

hospitality, cheerfulness, and benevolence. Let me have still greater reason to respect the Irish! Put yourself in my place, and treat me as you would wish to be treated."

"I never can treat you as well as you deserve to be treated! You are a true gentleman, sir; and as such, I repeat, I shall be proud to cultivate your friendship."

"Then, sir, as a proof that we are essentially friends, accept what I do not want, and what it will make me truly happy to place in your hands. It is a request which a friend cannot refuse to a friend."

From the first moment Fitzpatric had been greatly affected, but he was now wholly overcome: he clapt one hand to his eyes, stretched out the other to Campbel, and exclaimed—"Sir, could I ever forget your noble and disinterested conduct, I should esteem myself a despicable poltroon; nay, I hope the world would treat me with merited contempt, and that the brave corps to which I belong would turn me out as unworthy to associate with

men of honor. If I accept your generous offer, it will not be to escape from suffering myself, because it is a soldier's glory to suffer; but when I think of the good old gentleman, my father, and my dear kind-hearted mother, whom I shall be forced to leave, if I refuse your kind assistance, with little more than a lieutenant's limited income can afford, to live upon,—and when I recollect that I shall be sent back to the West-Indies, where so many brave men have found a premature grave, and from whence I may probably never return to receive their last blessing, and discharge the pious and heart-breaking duties of a son,—my proud heart yields to the sympathies of natural affection. Mr. Campbel, I accept the loan you offer, but must insist on your taking my bond, though at present it will be of little use. I am sure you will not deny a poor officer the only satisfaction that he has in his power, that he may be at peace with his own conscience."

"You shall act in that, dear sir, just as

you please; though the only bond I require is one which your former conduct proves you will always be eager to discharge."

"What bond sir, are you pleased to hint at?"

"The bond of humanity. Whenever you have the power, I am sure you will eagerly repay me, by aiding and supporting merit and worth."

"You are a noble gentleman! Though I always held my species in high estimation, I never thought so highly of human nature as I do at this moment."

The conclusion of this scene was, that, having thus far prevailed, Campbel received the worthy lieutenant's bond for two thousand pounds, payable at a distant period, for which he gave him a draft, to that amount, on his banker; and Fitzpatric purchased a captain's commission in a regiment that was stationary in Ireland. Campbel afterward introduced him to several of those friends whose interest might hereafter

serve him; and, when Fitzpatric departed for Ireland, his gratitude was no less glowing than were the kindness and friendship of Campbel.

END OF VOL. I.

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LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

O SACRED THEME! most sacred to my heart!
With eloquence divine infuse my pen,—
Teach me the meed of glowing praise t' impart,
Due to the best of parents, best of men!

Oh! that description masterly could trace
Th' exalted virtues of that mighty mind,
Gifted with ev'ry intellectual grace,
Genius and Wit with Fortitude combin'd!

How can I paint that sweeping flow of soul,
Flooding affection, eloquence, and truth?
His gen'rous zeal for virtue spurn'd control;
He liv'd the friend rever'd—the guide of youth!

Proudly I'll guard a Father's sacred trust,—
That rectitude his actions nobly prov'd,—
Exult, that he, so great, so good, so just,
Thro' life was honor'd, reverenc'd, and lov'd!

FANNY HOLCROFT.